

GOSCINNY - TABARY

THE WICKED WILES OF IZNOGGUD



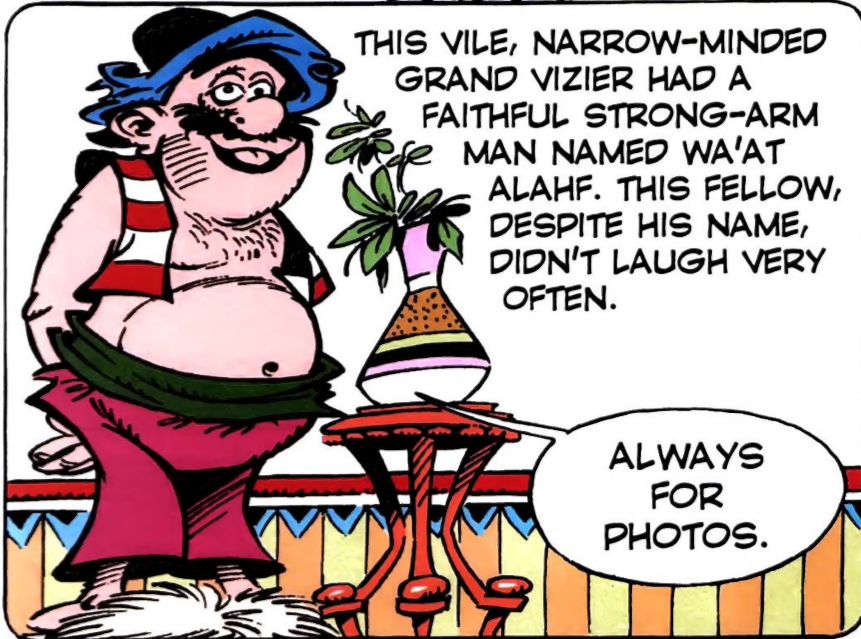
9th CINEBOOK
The 9th Art Publisher

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THERE WAS IN BAGHDAD
THE MAGNIFICENT A GRAND VIZIER
(5 FEET TALL IN HIS POINTY SLIPPERS)
NAMED IZNOGLOUD. HE WAS TRULY
NASTY AND HAD ONLY ONE GOAL...

**I WANT TO BE
CALIPH INSTEAD OF
THE CALIPH!**

**I WANT TO BE
CALIPH INSTEAD OF
THE CALIPH!**



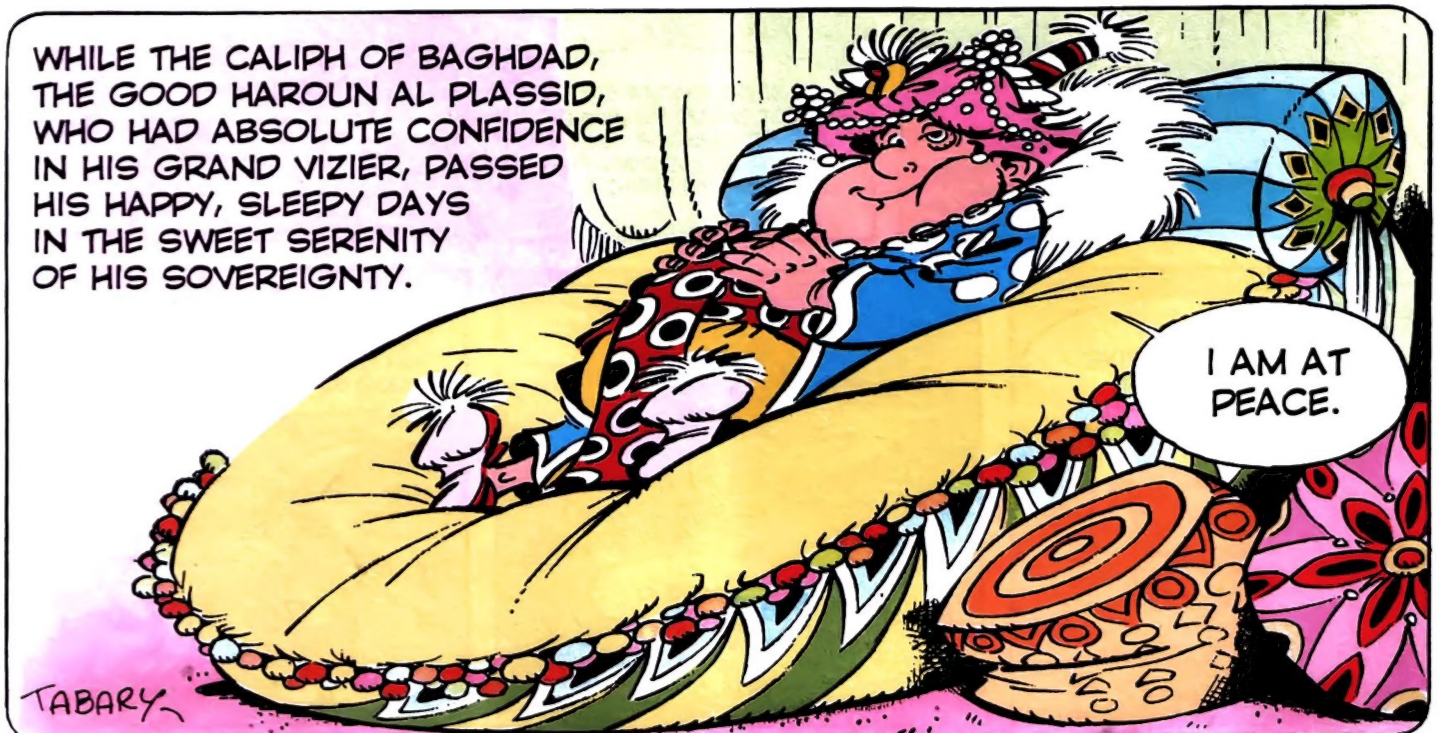
THIS VILE, NARROW-MINDED
GRAND VIZIER HAD A
FAITHFUL STRONG-ARM
MAN NAMED WA'AT
ALAHF. THIS FELLOW,
DESPITE HIS NAME,
DIDN'T LAUGH VERY
OFTEN.

ALWAYS
FOR
PHOTOS.



I WANT
TO BE CALIPH
INSTEAD OF
THE CALIPH!

WHILE THE CALIPH OF BAGHDAD,
THE GOOD HAROUN AL PLASSID,
WHO HAD ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE
IN HIS GRAND VIZIER, PASSED
HIS HAPPY, SLEEPY DAYS
IN THE SWEET SERENITY
OF HIS SOVEREIGNTY.

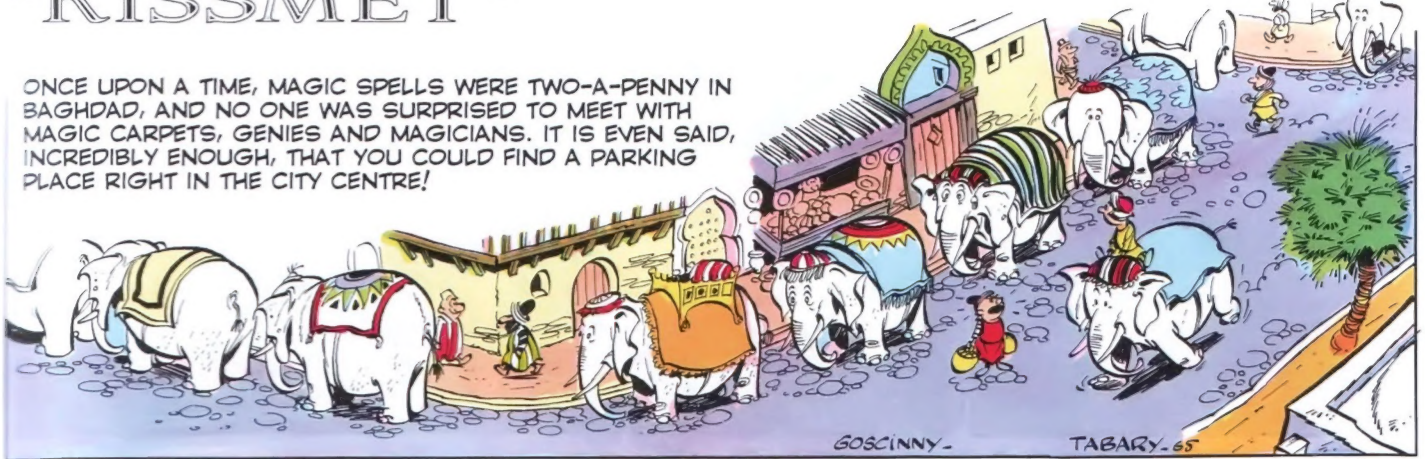


I AM AT
PEACE.

NOW THEN, TO BAGHDAD THE MAGNIFICENT...

"KISSMET"

ONCE UPON A TIME, MAGIC SPELLS WERE TWO-A-PENNY IN BAGHDAD, AND NO ONE WAS SURPRISED TO MEET WITH MAGIC CARPETS, GENIES AND MAGICIANS. IT IS EVEN SAID, INCREDIBLY ENOUGH, THAT YOU COULD FIND A PARKING PLACE RIGHT IN THE CITY CENTRE!



GOSCINNY

TABARY '65

AND SO, WHEN THE WICKED GRAND VIZIER WAS OUT FOR A WALK ONE SPRING DAY-FOR IN THE SPRING A GRAND VIZIER'S FANCY TURNS LIGHTLY TO THOUGHTS OF...

...HOW TO BECOME CALIPH INSTEAD OF THE CALIPH!



-HE WAS NOT SURPRISED TO HEAR A FROG REMARK:

O NOBLE LORD! GIVE ME A KISS!



MASTER, DID YOU HEAR THAT, DOWN THERE BY YOUR FEET?

SO? WE HAVE TO STOP EVERY TIME A FROG CROAKS AT OUR FEET?



AH, BUT I'M NO ORDINARY FROG, NOBLE LORD. I AM A HANDSOME PRINCE UNDER THE SPELL OF AN EVIL MAGICIAN! A KISS WILL BREAK THE SPELL AND SET ME FREE!



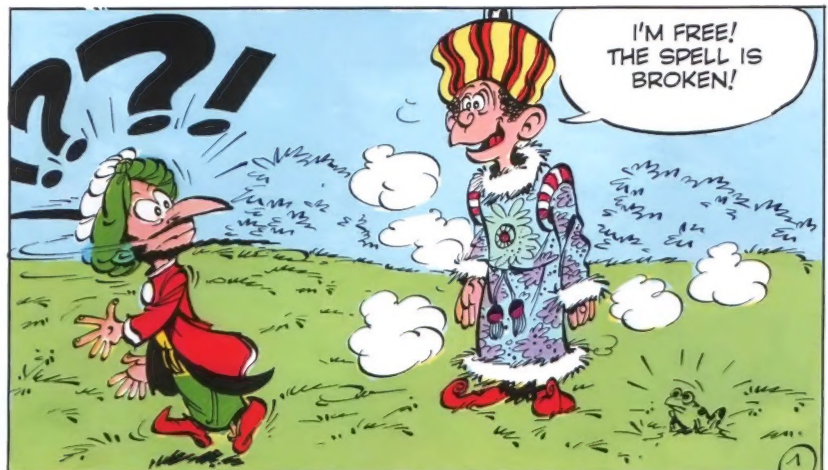
MASTER, I FEEL SO SORRY FOR THAT FROG! I APPEAL TO YOUR BETTER NATURE!

WA'AT ALAHF, MY DEAR FELLOW, I KNOW WE'RE ONLY PART OF A FAIRYTALE, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

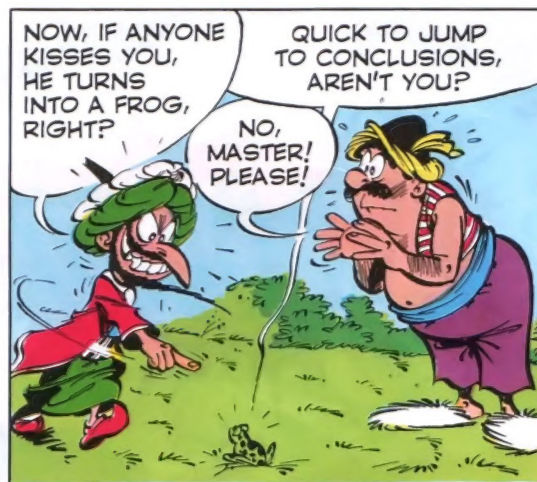
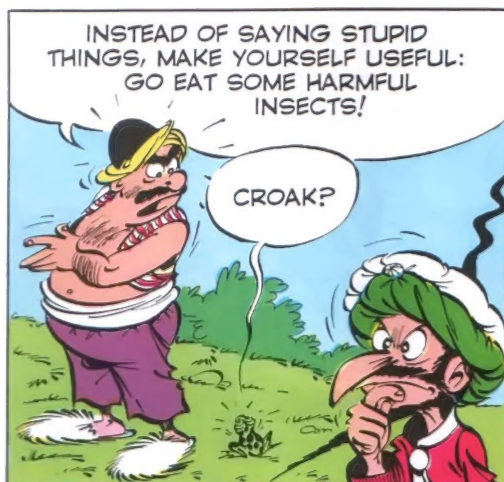
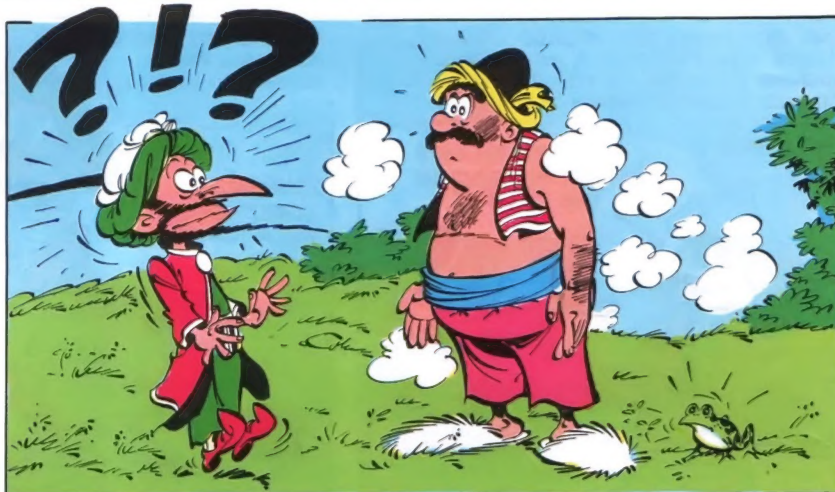


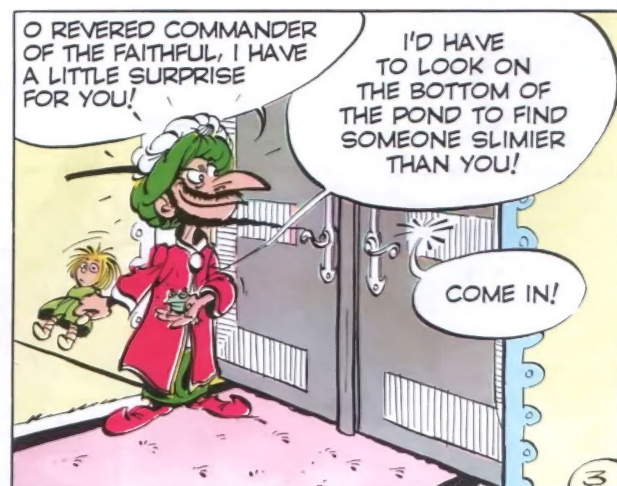
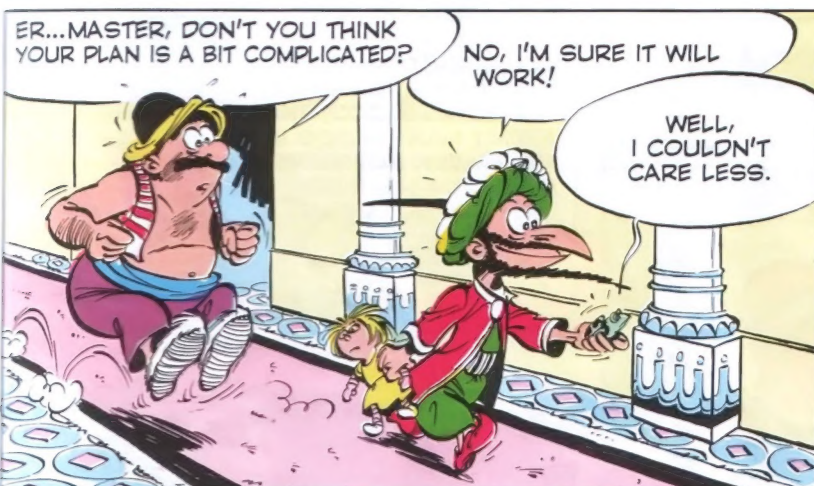
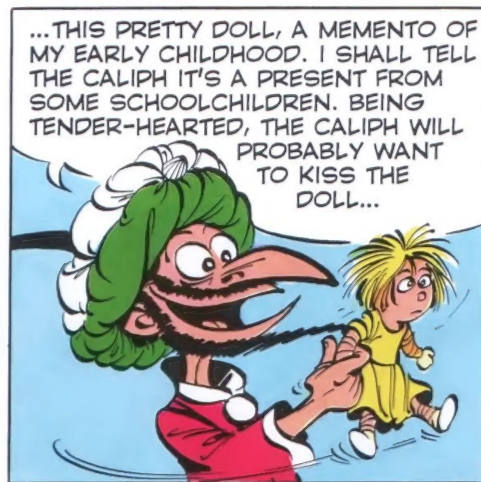
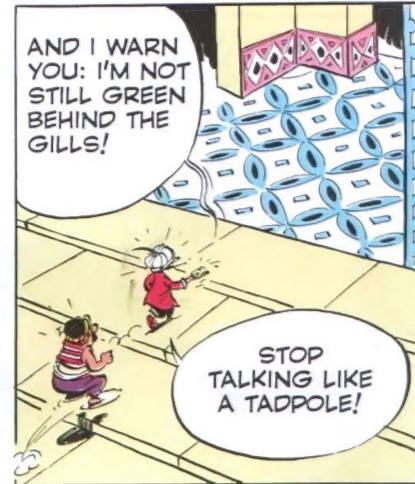
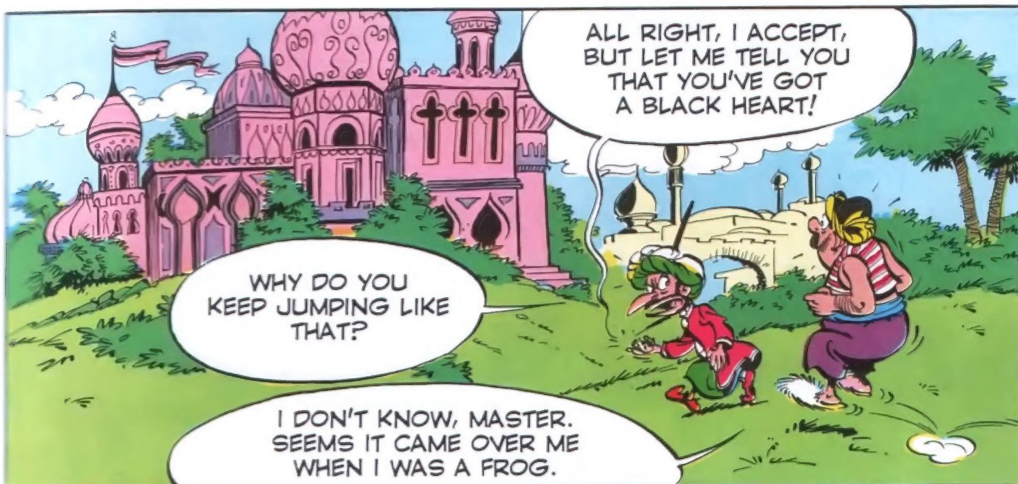
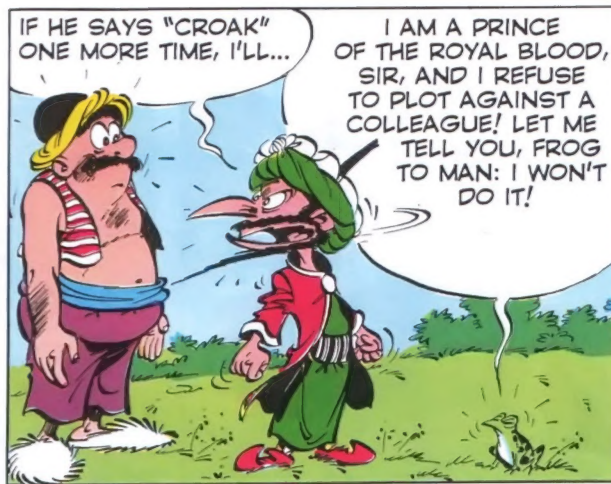
WELL, I'LL GIVE THE FROG A KISS MYSELF!

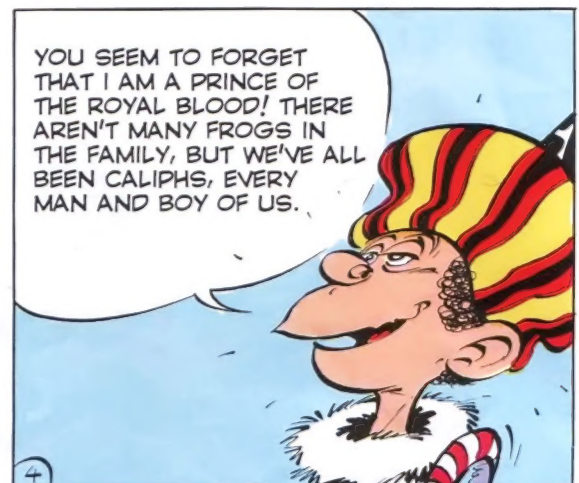
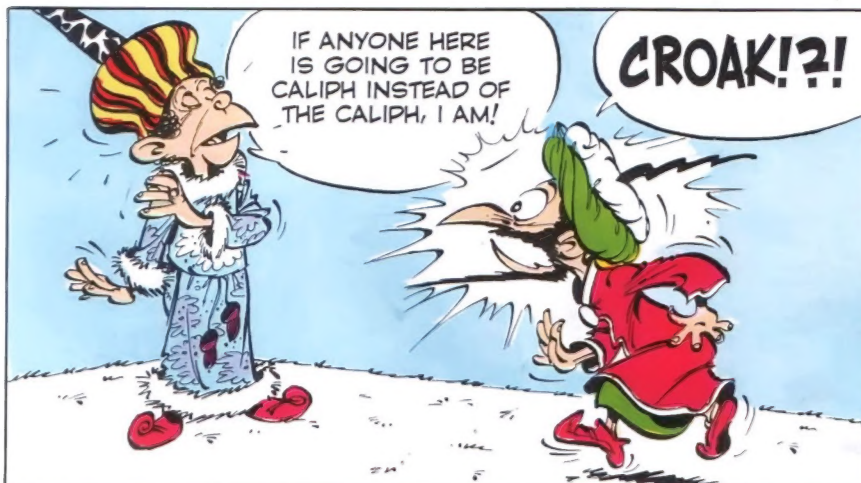
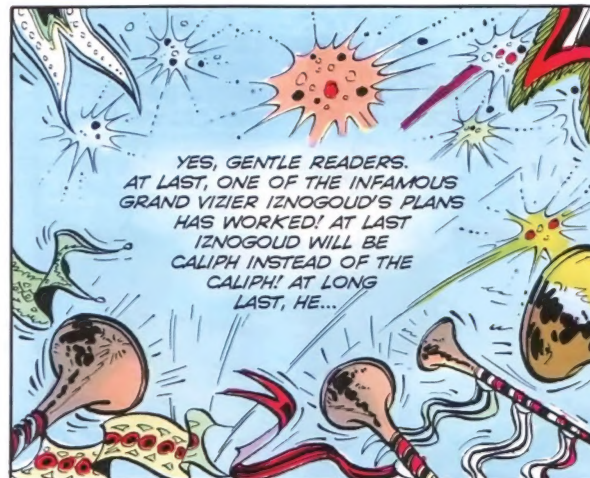
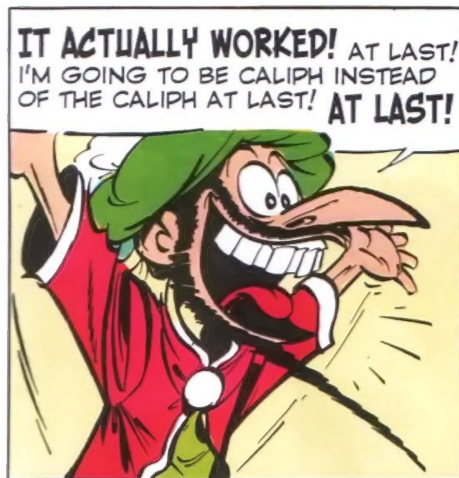
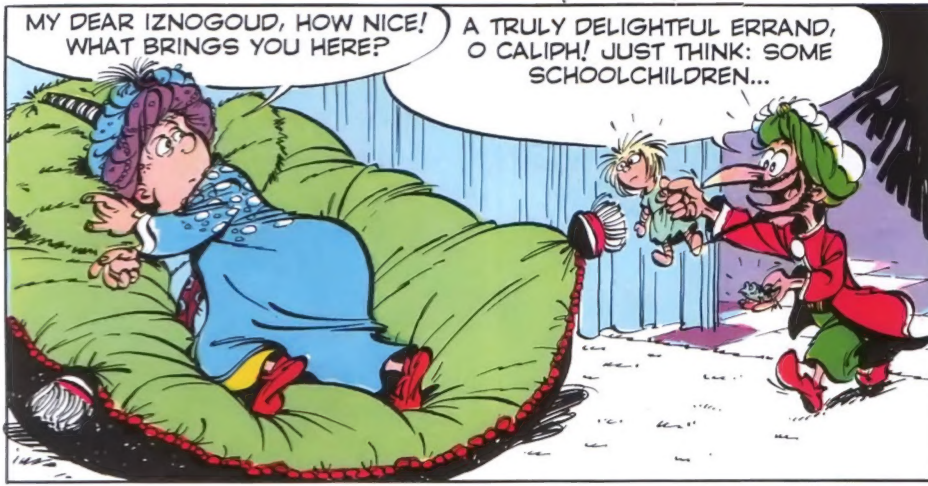
ANYWAY, IT'S ALL NONSENSE. HANDSOME PRINCE! HUH!

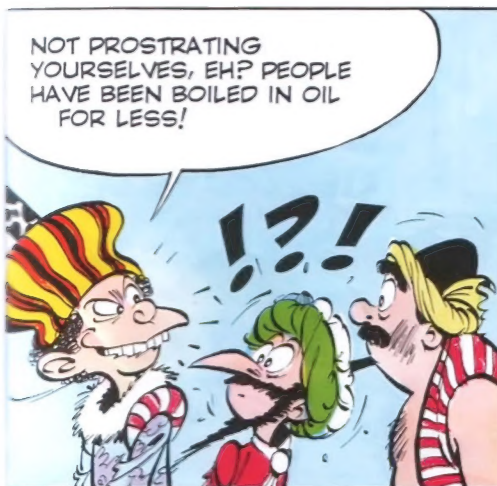
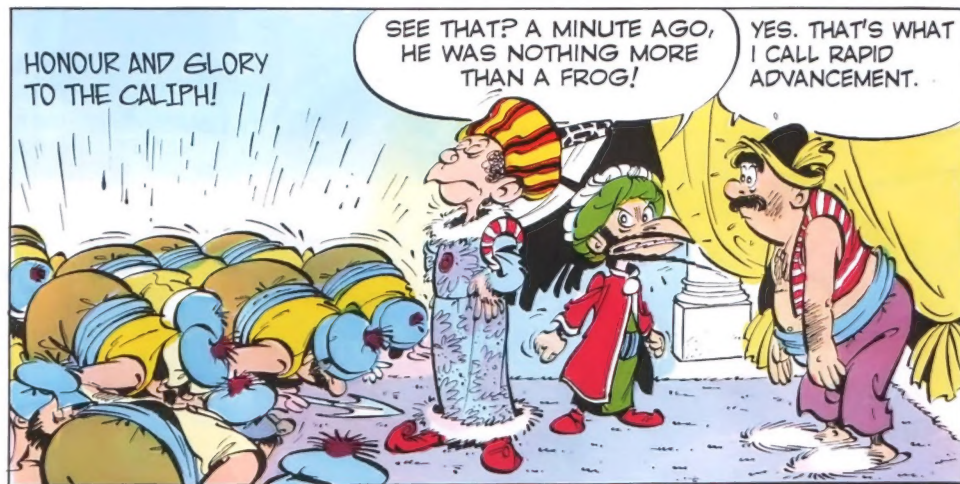
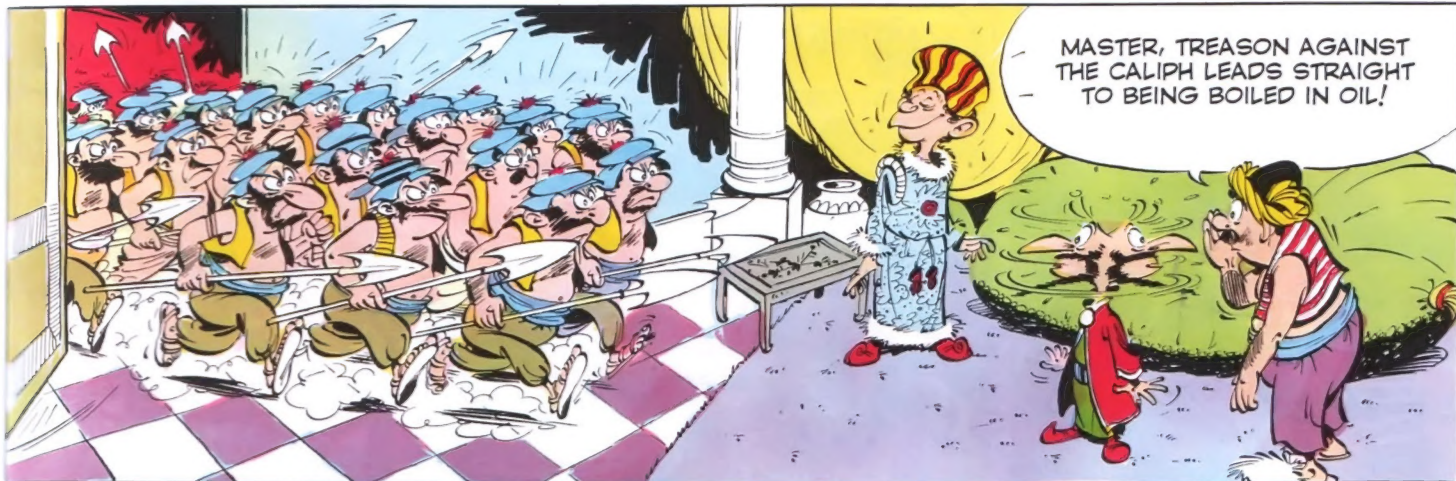


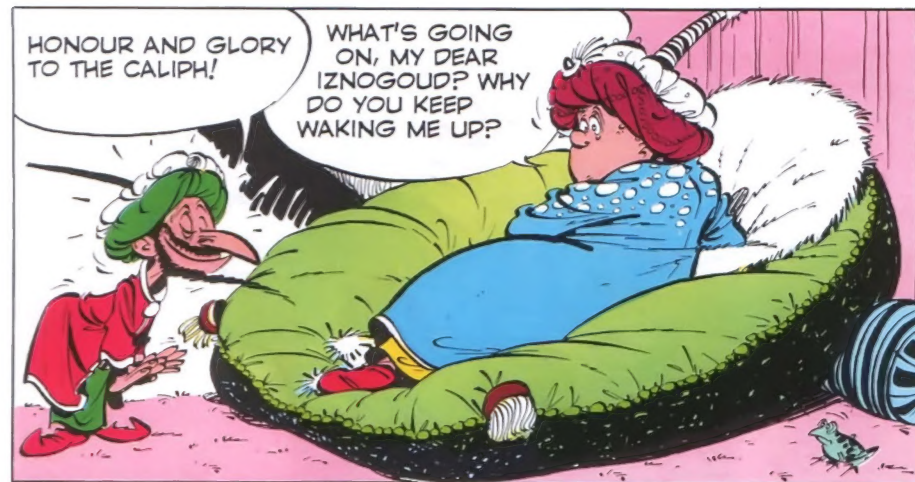
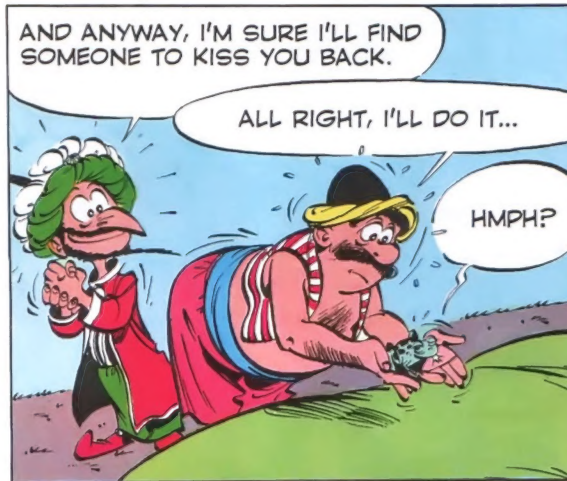
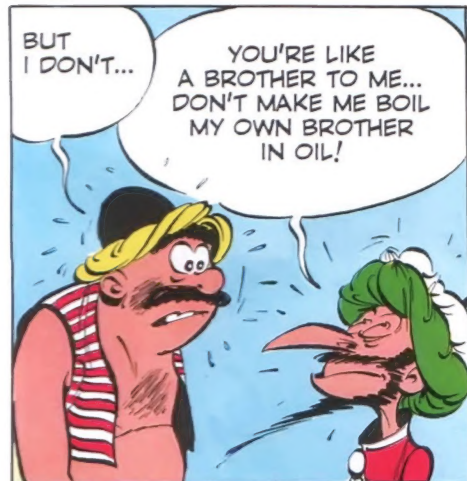
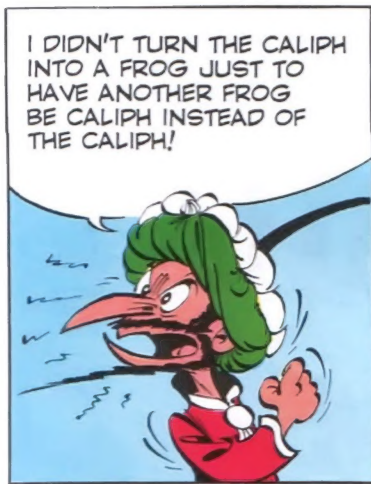
I'M FREE! THE SPELL IS BROKEN!

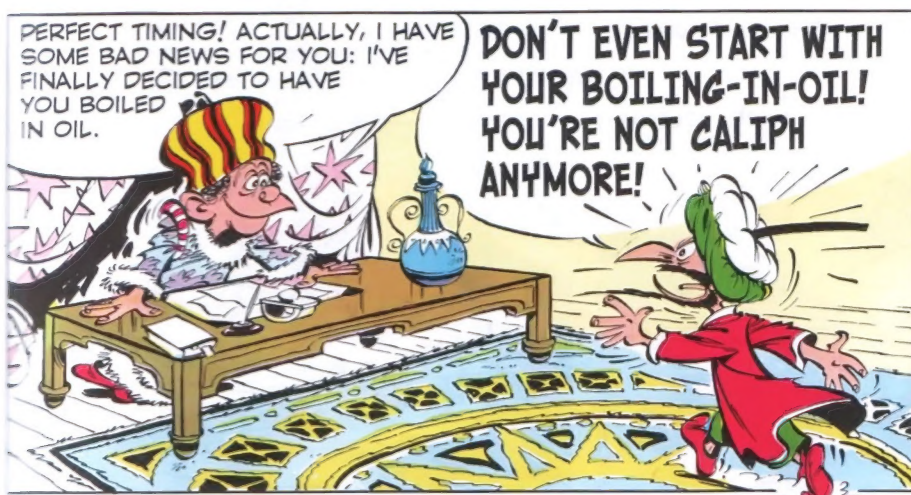
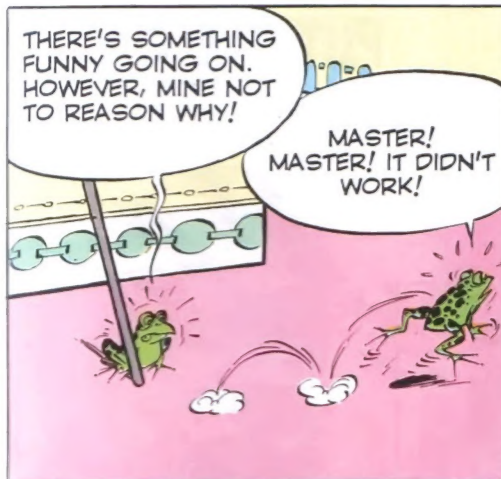
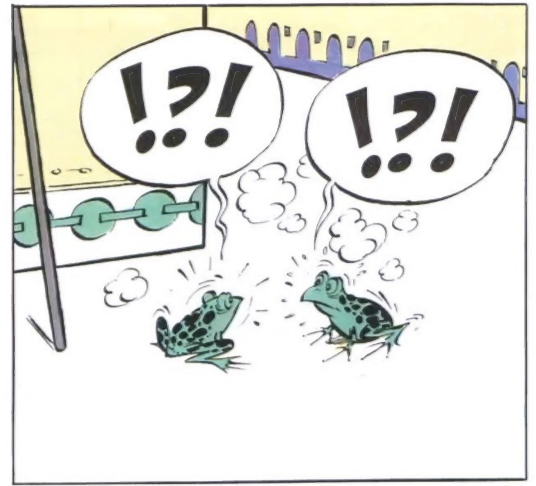


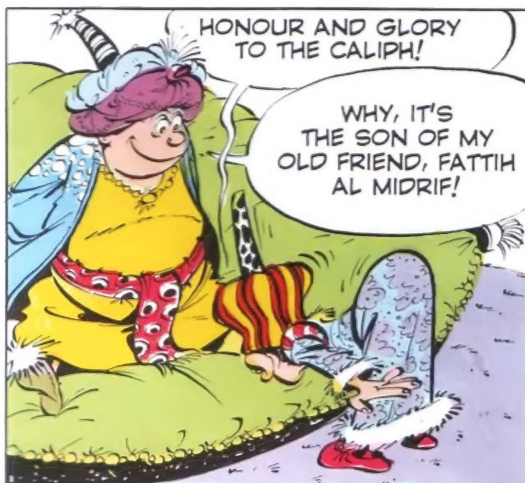
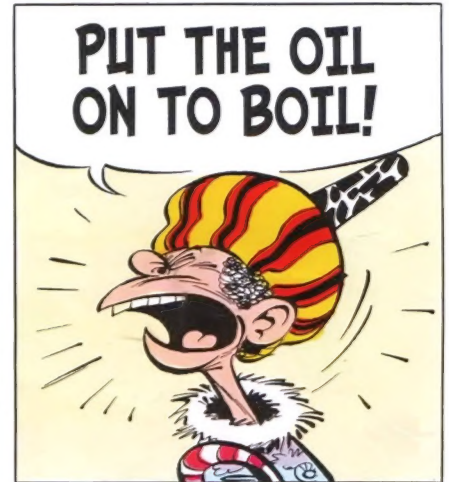
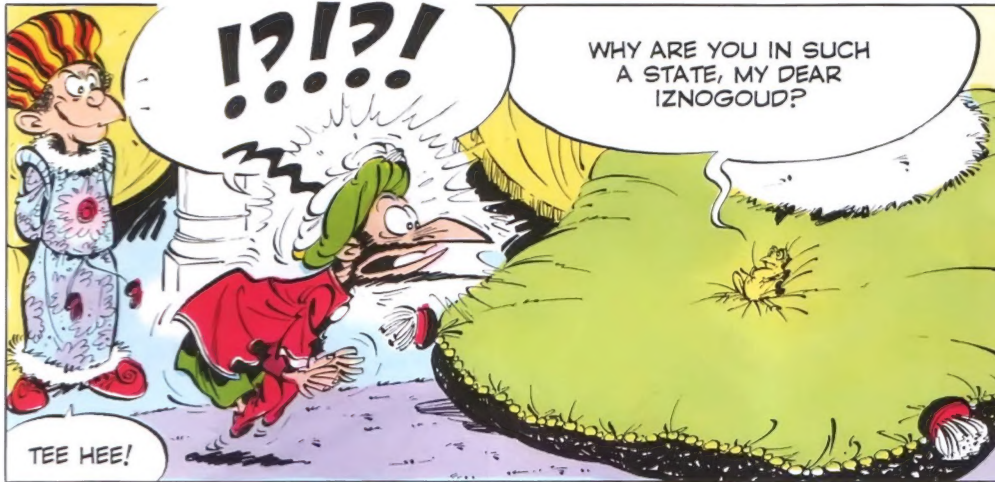












MESMER-EYEZED

THE NIGHTLIFE OF BAGHDAD WAS QUITE SOMETHING... YOU'RE SURE TO HAVE HEARD OF ITS THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS. ON THE PARTICULAR NIGHT WHEN THIS STORY BEGINS, THERE WAS AN ESPECIALLY LARGE CROWD OUTSIDE THE BAGHDAD CASINO...



THE REASON FOR THIS ELEPHANT JAM WAS THE WORLD-FAMOUS ENTERTAINER, WHOTTOMAN...



AMONG THE AUDIENCE WAITING FOR THE SHOW TO BEGIN, WE RECOGNIZE THE WICKED GRAND VIZIER IZNOGOURD AND HIS FAITHFUL STRONG-ARM MAN WA'AT ALAHE...

WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE, WA'AT?

IT WILL AMUSE YOU, MASTER. I HEAR THAT WHOTTOMAN IS VERY INTERESTING.



...WHICH IS CLEVER OF US, SINCE THEY ARE HERE INCOGNITO.

YOU'LL SEE! HE HYPNOTIZES PEOPLE.

HUH! THE ONLY THING THAT INTERESTS ME IS BECOMING CALIPH INSTEAD OF THE CALIPH!



ESKIMOS! WHO WANTS AN ESKIMO?

I DIDN'T KNOW THEY SOLD SLAVES HERE.

AH, THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO START!

ARE YOU SURE THAT'S THE GRAND VIZIER?

QUITE SURE! HE DIDN'T GIVE ME A TIP.



HE COMES TO US STRAIGHT FROM CONSTANTINOPLE! I GIVE YOU...THE GREAT, THE AMAZING, THE ONE AND ONLY...

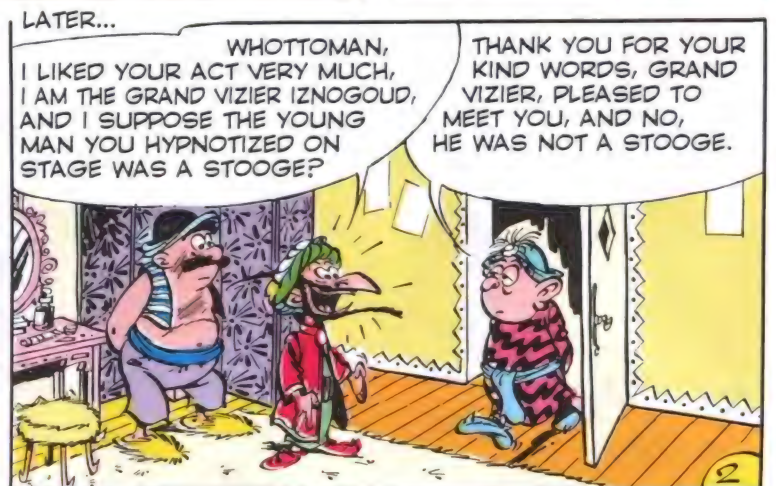
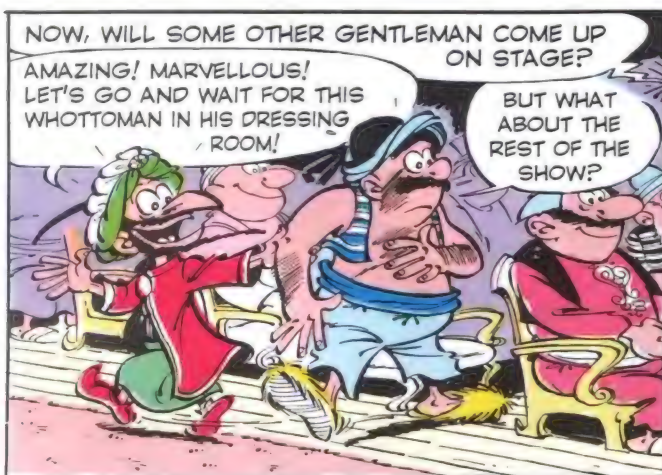
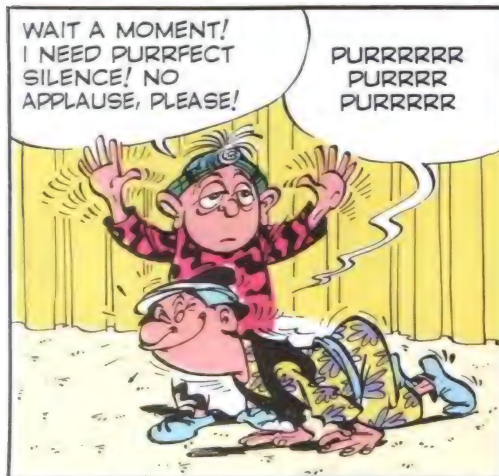
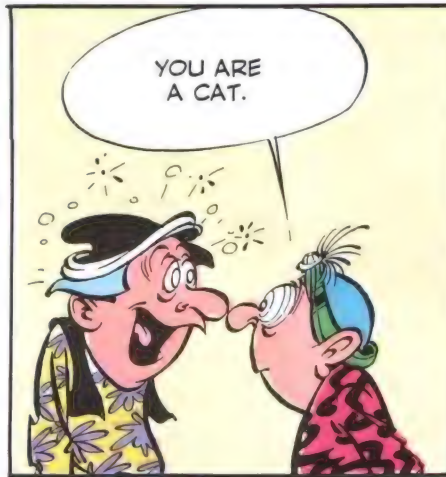
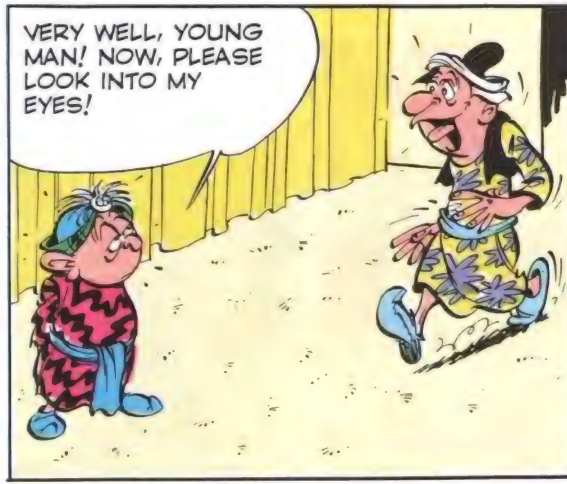


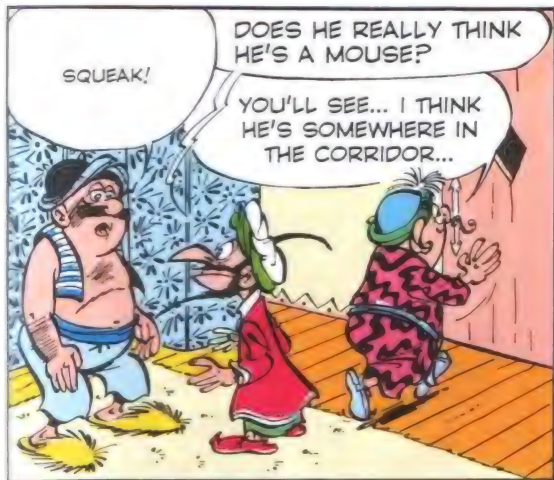
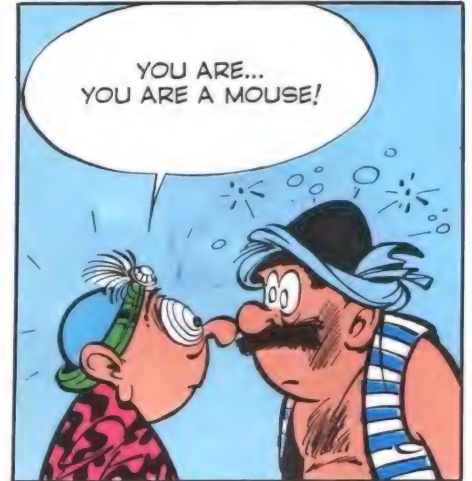
...WHOTTOMAN!

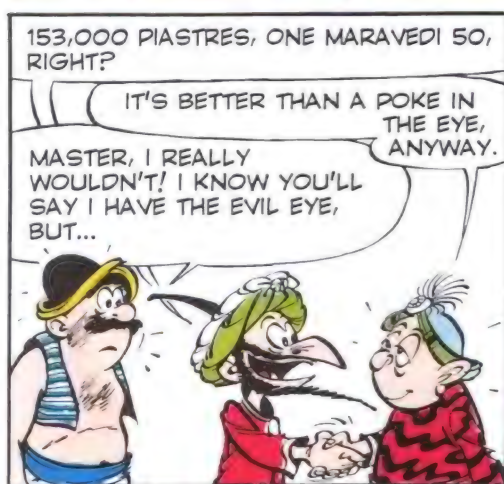
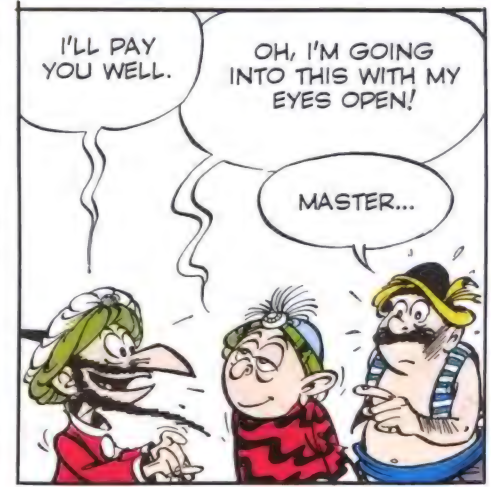
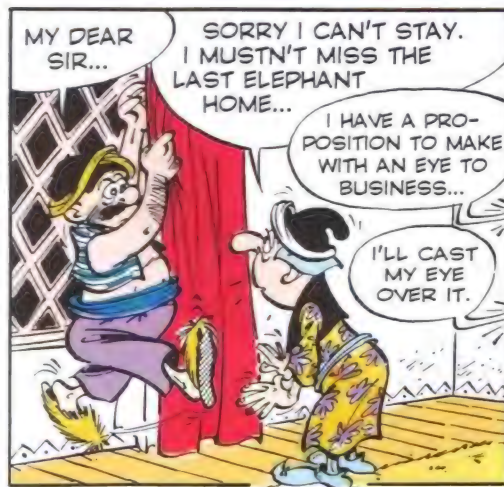


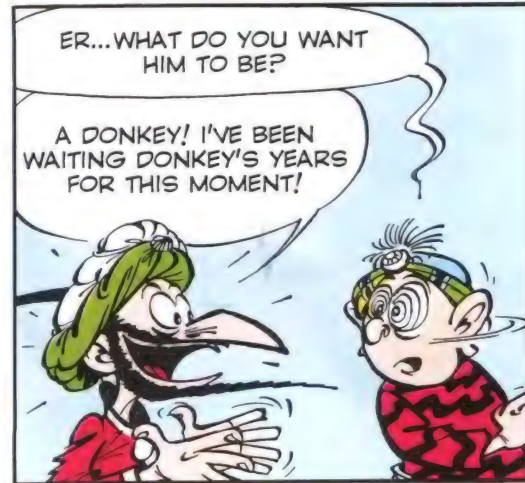
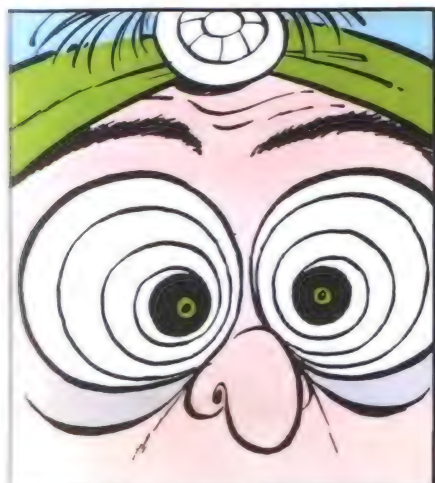
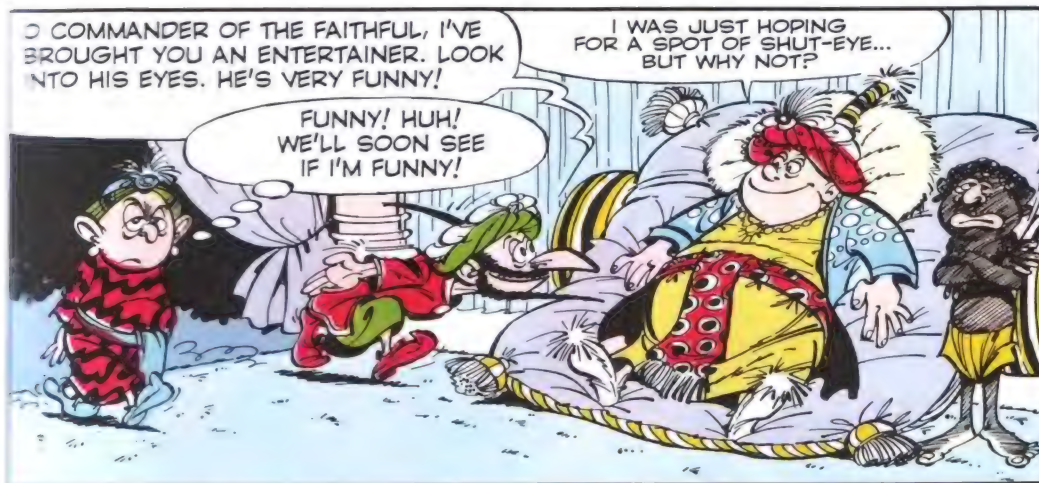
WOULD SOME MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE BE KIND ENOUGH TO COME UP ON STAGE...

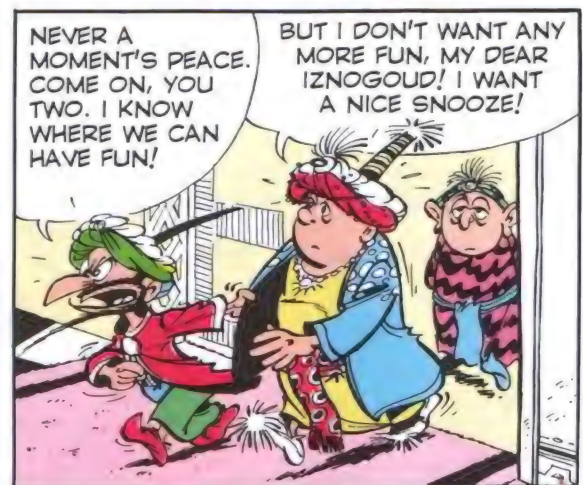


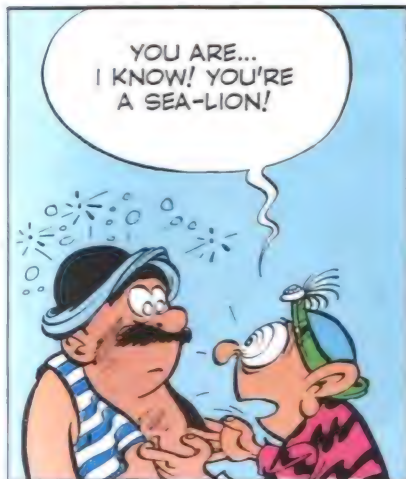


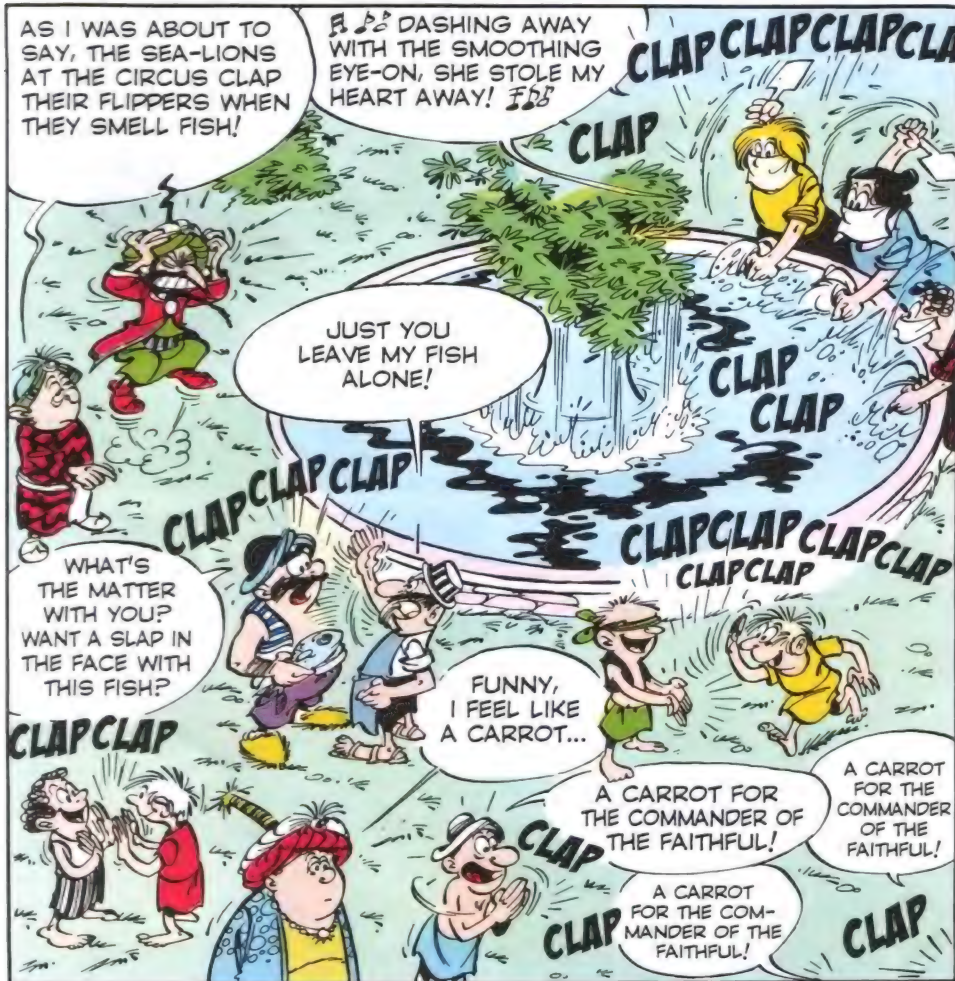






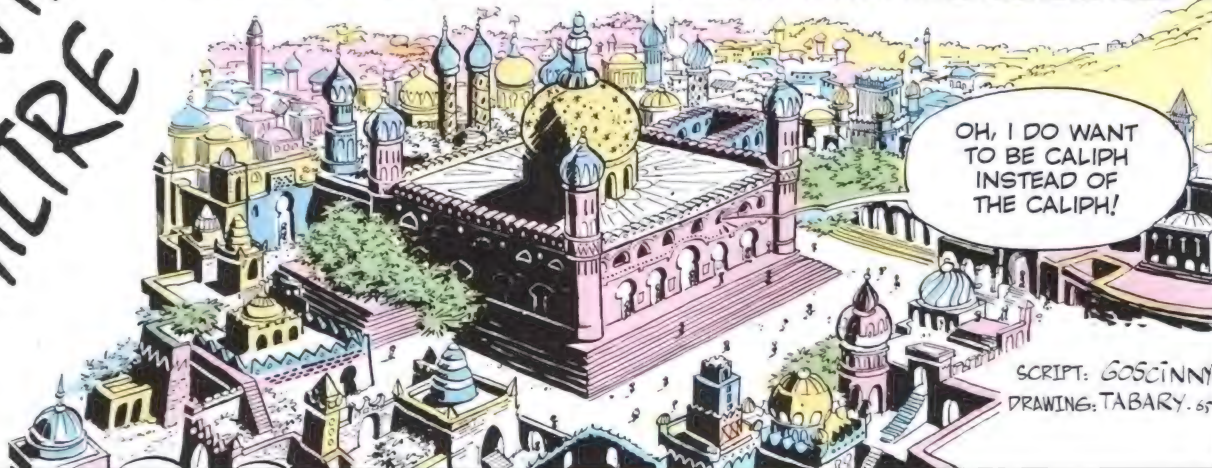






THE OCCIDENTAL PHILTRE

IN THE ANCIENT AND WONDERFUL CITY OF BAGHDAD, ONE MAN, THE VILE GRAND VIZIER IZNOGOURD, IS TORMENTED UNCEASINGLY BY HIS POLITICAL AMBITIONS. THE WONDERFUL READERS OF THIS ANCIENT STORY WILL ALREADY KNOW WHAT THOSE AMBITIONS ARE...



OH, I DO WANT TO BE CALIPH INSTEAD OF THE CALIPH!

SCRIPT: GOSCINNY
DRAWING: TABARY. 65

SO HE IS DELIGHTED TO HEAR SOME NEWS BROUGHT BY HIS FAITHFUL STRONG-ARM MAN, WA'AT ALAHF...

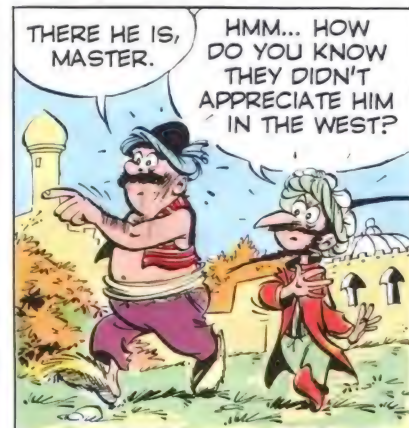
MASTER, A FLYING SORCERER FROM THE OCCIDENT HAS LANDED NEAR BAGHDAD!

LET'S GO AND SEE HIM! MAYBE A SORCERER CAN TELL ME SOME WAY TO GET RID OF THE CALIPH!

THEY DIDN'T APPRECIATE HIM IN THE WEST.

THERE HE IS, MASTER.

HMM... HOW DO YOU KNOW THEY DIDN'T APPRECIATE HIM IN THE WEST?



BECAUSE HE'S BEEN CAST INTO THE SHADE.

SO HE HAS.

HOW DID YOU GET HERE FROM THE OCCIDENT?

BY ACCIDENT.



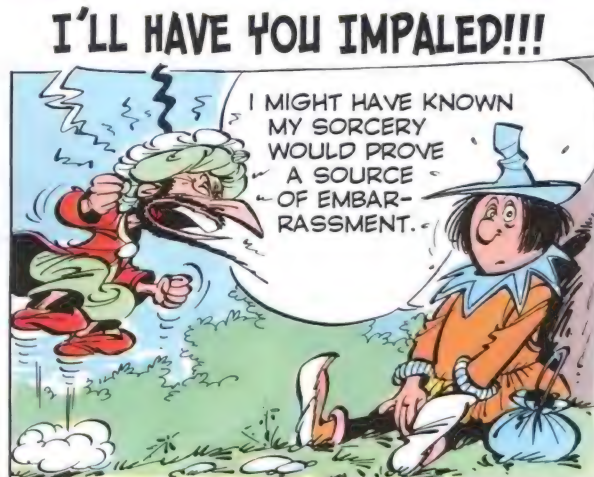
AND WHY DID YOU COME TO THE ORIENT?

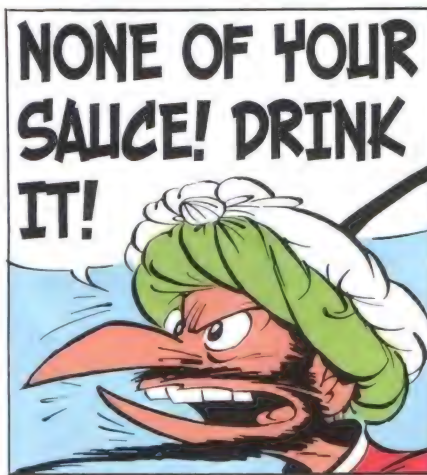
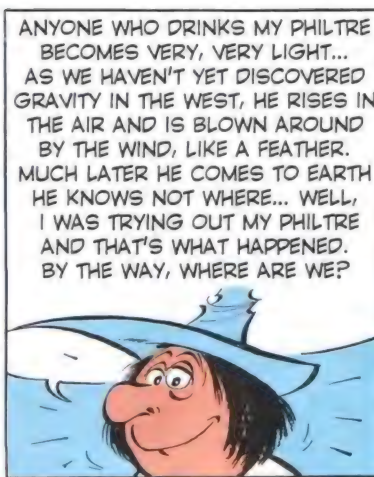
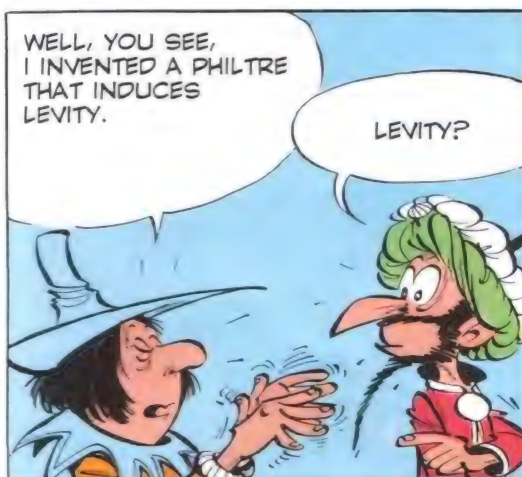
I WAS DISORIENTED.

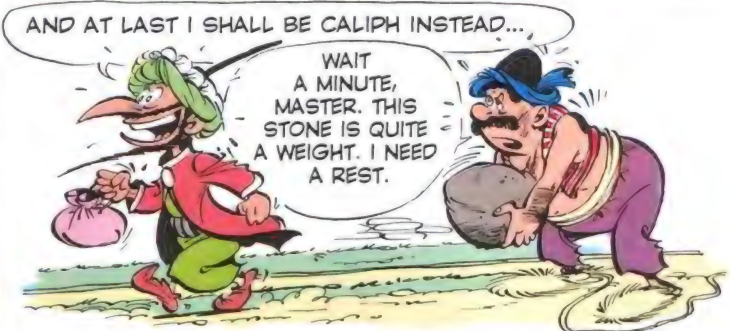
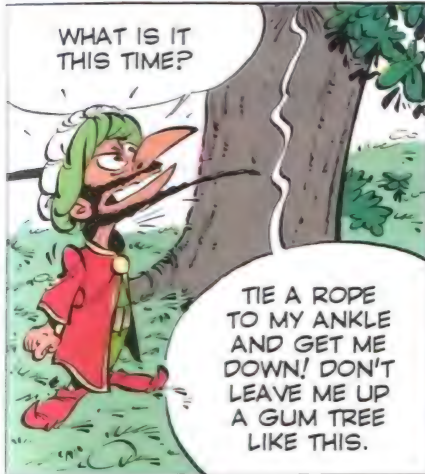
O OCCIDENTAL SORCERER, I LIKE A GOOD JOKE. I'VE EVEN BEEN KNOWN TO LAUGH. HA HA. BUT IF YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN YOURSELF MORE CLEARLY...

I'LL HAVE YOU IMPALED!!!

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN MY SORCERY WOULD PROVE A SOURCE OF EMBARRASSMENT.



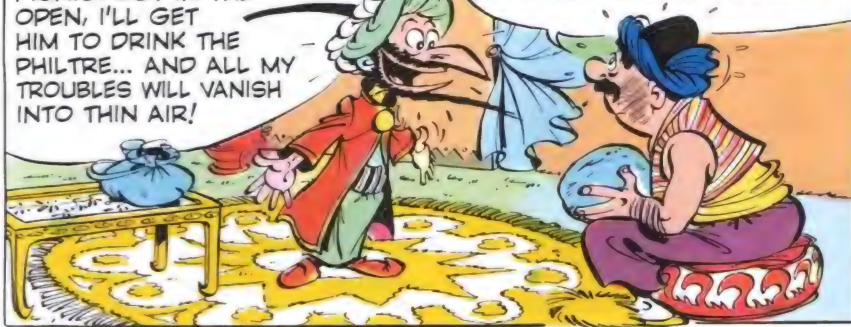




SOON AFTERWARDS, IN THE GRAND VIZIER'S APARTMENTS...

MY PLAN IS DIABOLICALLY CLEVER! I SHALL INVITE THE CALIPH TO GO FOR A PICNIC. OUT IN THE OPEN, I'LL GET HIM TO DRINK THE PHILTRE... AND ALL MY TROUBLES WILL VANISH INTO THIN AIR!

WHY NOT DRINK THE PHILTRE AND BE DONE WITH IT, MASTER? WE'D SAVE A LOT OF TIME AND TROUBLE.



WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO PESSIMISTIC AND DOWN-TO-EARTH? I'M OFF TO ISSUE A FRIENDLY INVITATION RIGHT AWAY...



RIGHT AWAY...

A PICNIC? WHAT A DELIGHTFUL IDEA, MY DEAR IZNOGOU!

AND WE'LL TAKE A HAMPER FULL OF ORIENTAL DELICACIES! HARD-BOILED EGGS! SAUSAGE ROLLS! ROCK CAKES! AND A LITTLE SURPRISE TO FINISH UP WITH!



IT SOUNDS RATHER HEAVY...

NO, NOT A BIT! TEE HEE...



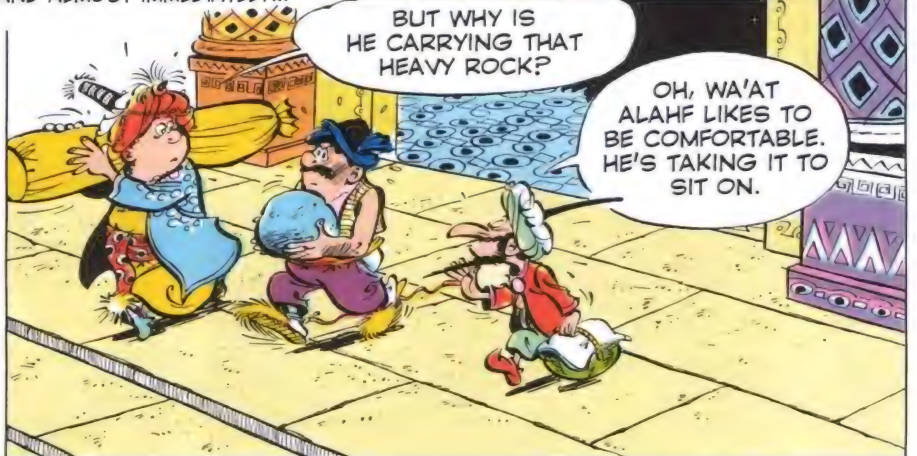
AND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY...

MY PICNIC WON'T HAMPER YOU AT ALL... YOU'LL FEEL LIGHT AS AIR... TEE HEE HEE!



BUT WHY IS HE CARRYING THAT HEAVY ROCK?

OH, WA'AT ALAHF LIKES TO BE COMFORTABLE. HE'S TAKING IT TO SIT ON.



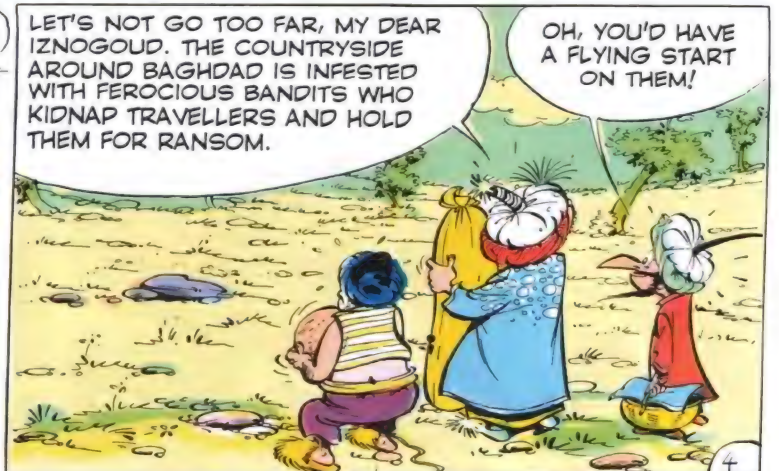
WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE CARRYING YOURSELF, COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL?

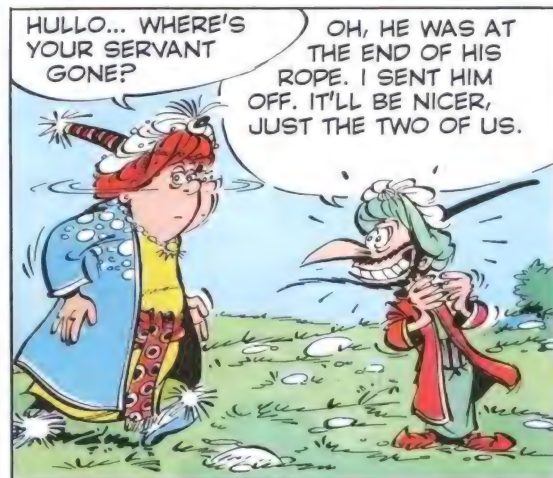
I LIKE TO BE COMFORTABLE, TOO, MY DEAR IZNOGOU.



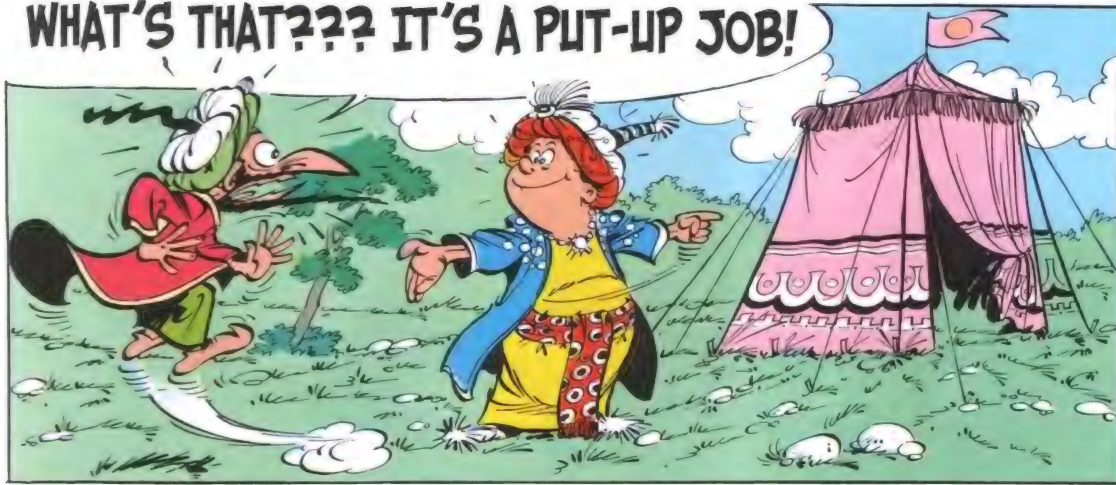
LET'S NOT GO TOO FAR, MY DEAR IZNOGOU. THE COUNTRYSIDE AROUND BAGHDAD IS INFESTED WITH FEROCIOUS BANDITS WHO KIDNAP TRAVELLERS AND HOLD THEM FOR RANSOM.

OH, YOU'D HAVE A FLYING START ON THEM!





WHAT'S THAT??? IT'S A PUT-UP JOB!



I THOUGHT WE'D BE MORE COMFORTABLE UNDER COVER.



NO! NO! NO! THE WHOLE POINT OF A PICNIC IS EATING IN THE OPEN AIR.

BUT OFTEN IT RAINS ON A PICNIC. REMEMBER THAT PICNIC WE ONCE HAD IN THE DESERT?



LET'S FIND A TREE, THEN.

NO! WE WANT WIDE-OPEN SPACES WHERE WE FEEL FREE AS AIR... READY TO TAKE OFF ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND!



I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SO POETIC, MY DEAR IZNOGOURD!

TEE HEE HEE... O GREAT CALIPH, I BEG, ACCEPT THIS HARD-BOILED EGG!



AND NOW I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU A NICE CUP OF PHILTRE.

PHILTRE?



YES, A DELICIOUS PHILTRE THAT WILL LEND WINGS TO YOUR FANCY... ONE LUMP OR TWO?



AS YOU'RE A POET YOURSELF, IZNOGOURD, I WILL TELL YOU A STORY I LEARNED FROM MY FAMILY...



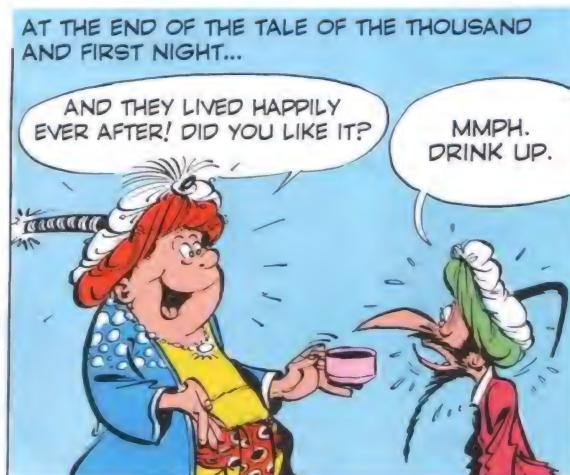
THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS!



AT THE END OF THE TALE OF THE THOUSAND AND FIRST NIGHT...

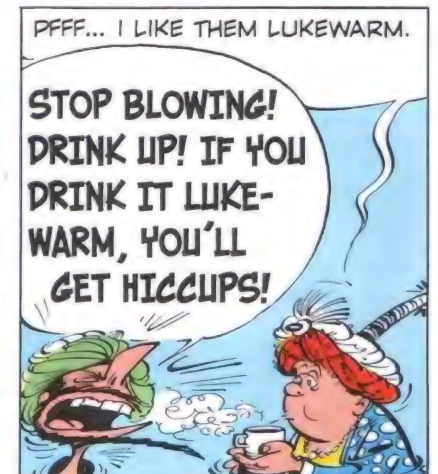
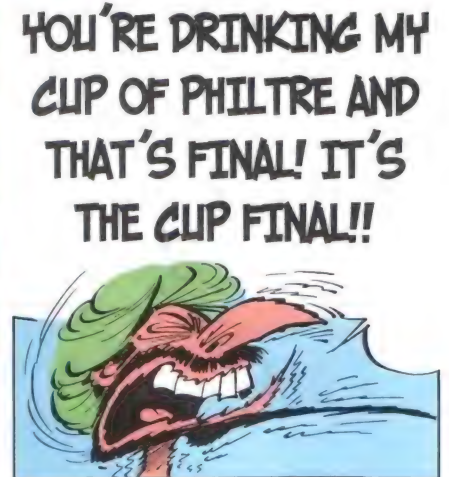
AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER! DID YOU LIKE IT?

MMPH. DRINK UP.



WHOOPEE! HERE WE GO!





THE TIME MACHINE

IN THE GREAT CITY OF BAGHDAD, THE PEOPLE LIVE HAPPILY UNDER THE RULE OF CALIPH HAROUN AL PLASSID. THE PLACE IS FILLED WITH FUN AND GAMES. THE CHILDREN ARE PLAYING "I SPY"... SOMETHING BEGINNING WITH F. C.

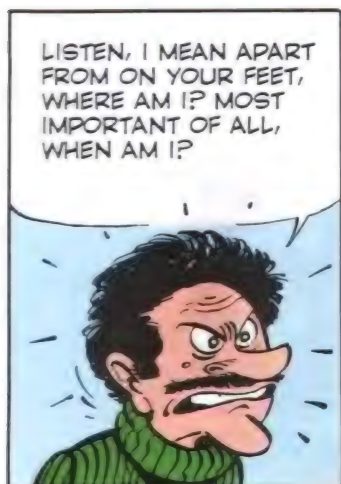
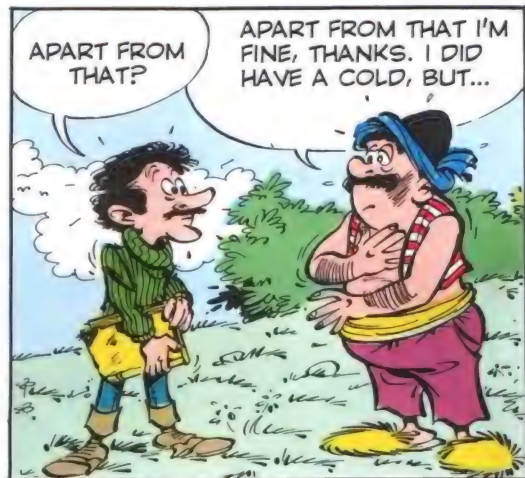
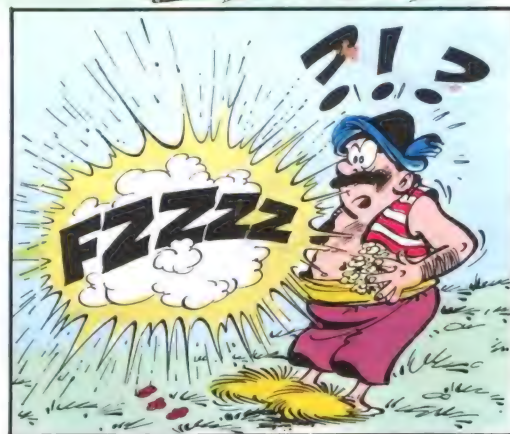


ONE MAN ALONE SUFFERS FROM THIS DESIRABLE STATE OF AFFAIRS, HIS MIND BENT ON AMBITIOUS AFFAIRS OF STATE: THE WICKED GRAND VIZIER IZNOGOU, WHO HAS SUNK SO LOW THAT HE IS REALLY BENEATH OUR NOTICE...

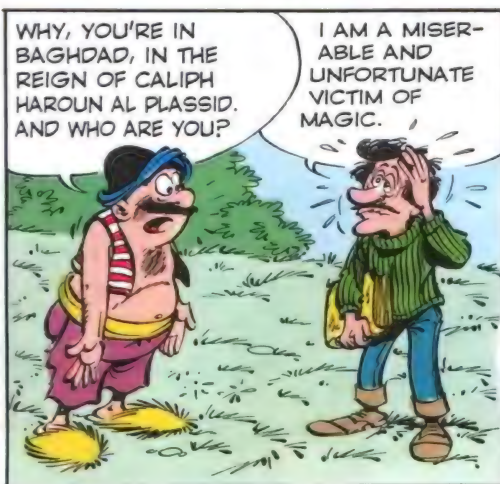
I WANT TO BE CALIPH INSTEAD OF THE CALIPH.

AND HERE WE SEE WA'AT ALAHF, THE WICKED IZNOGOU'S FAITHFUL STRONG-ARM MAN...

I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY MASTER. HE SEEMS RATHER LOW. I'LL PICK HIM A NICE BUNCH OF DAISIES TO RAISE HIS SPIRITS.



LISTEN, I MEAN APART FROM ON YOUR FEET, WHERE AM I? MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, WHEN AM I?



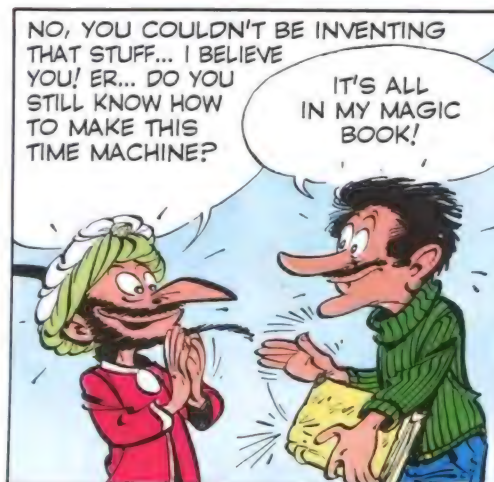
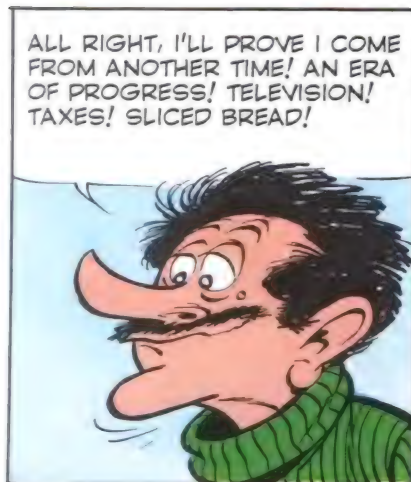
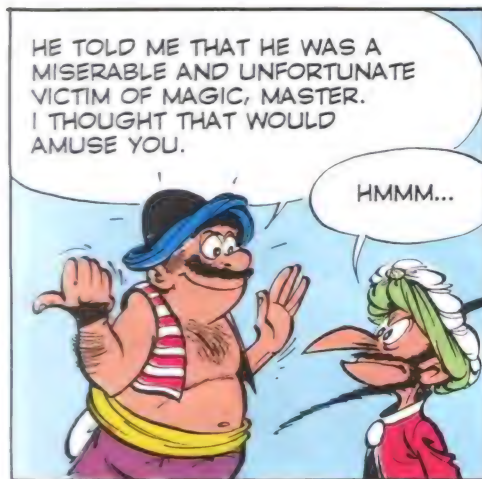
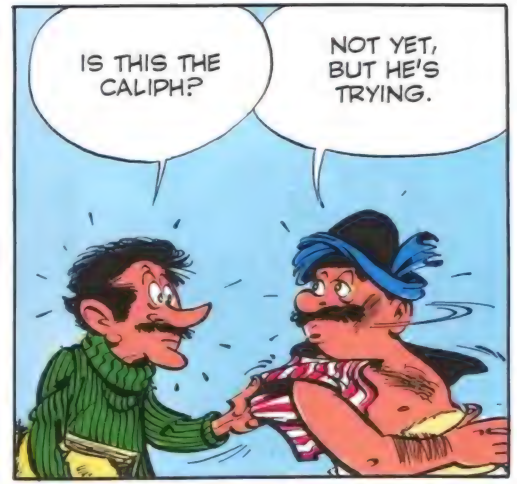
WHY, YOU'RE IN BAGHDAD, IN THE REIGN OF CALIPH HAROUN AL PLASSID. AND WHO ARE YOU?

I AM A MISERABLE AND UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF MAGIC.



HEY, WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

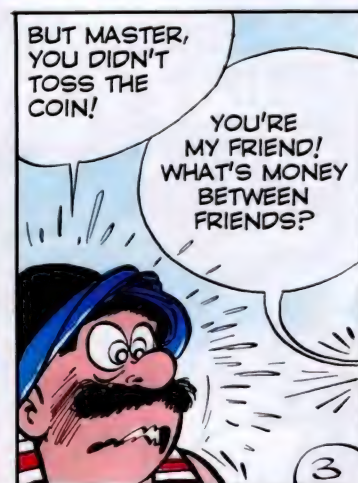
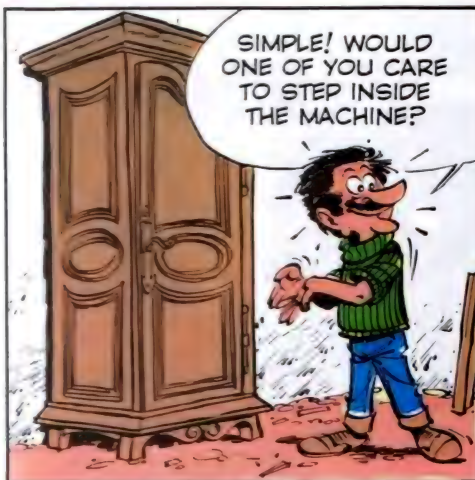
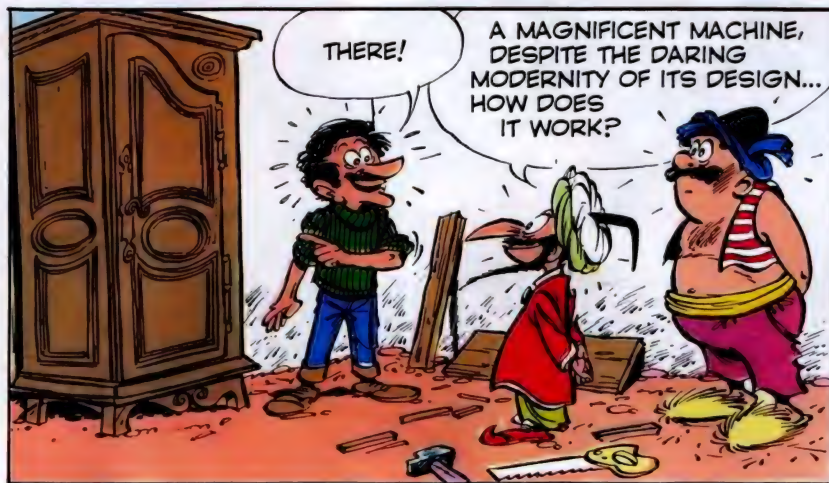
MISERABLE AND UNFORTUNATE! THAT'LL CHEER UP MY MASTER! I SEEM TO HAVE RAISED A SPIRIT WHO'LL RAISE HIS SPIRITS FOR HIM!

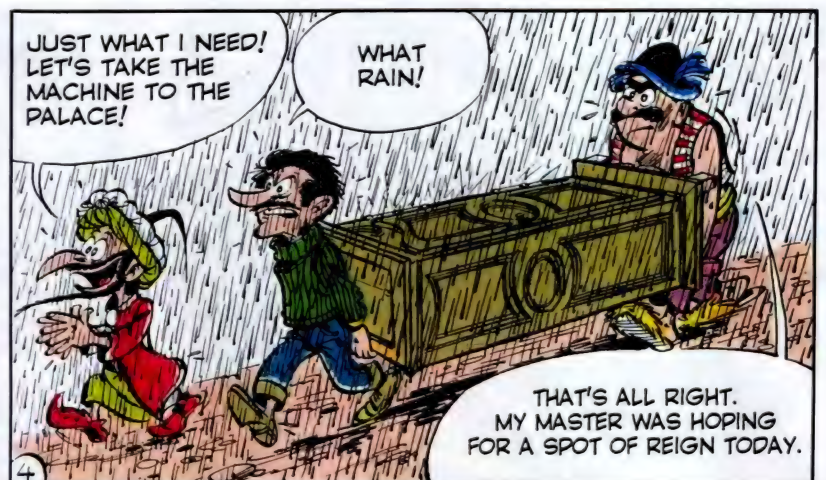
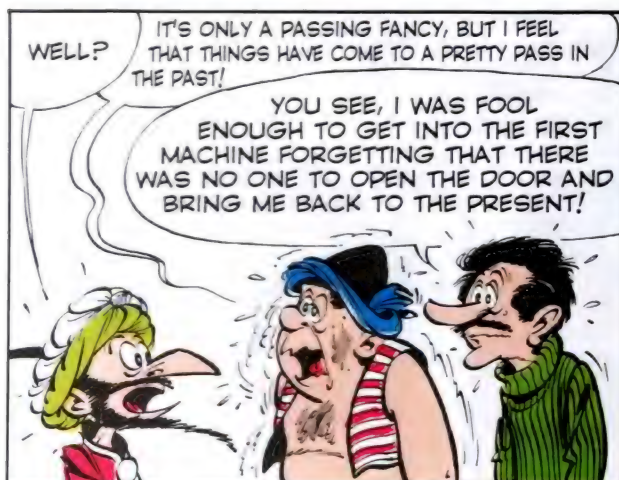
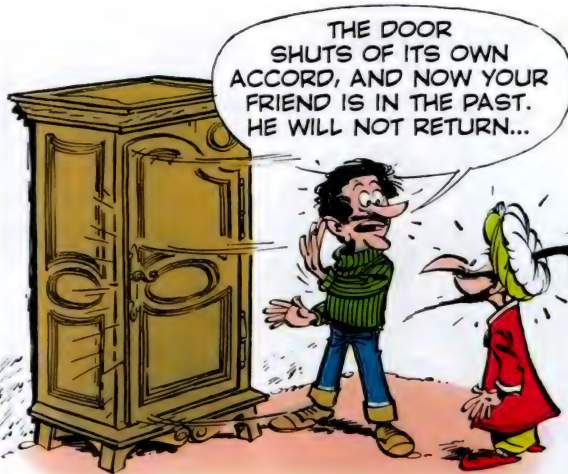
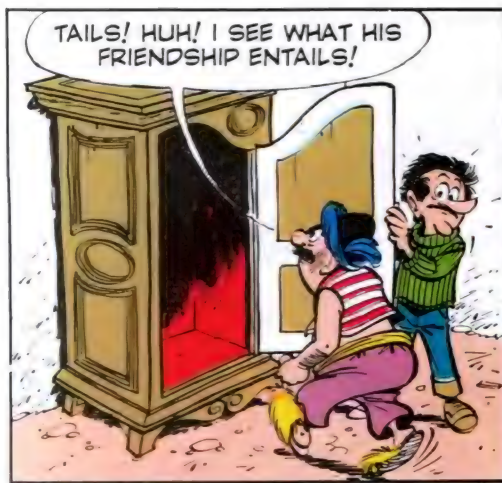


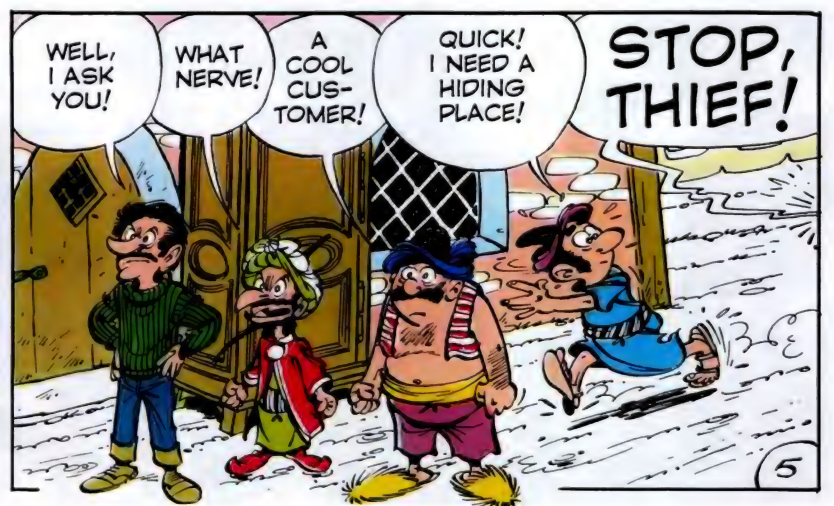
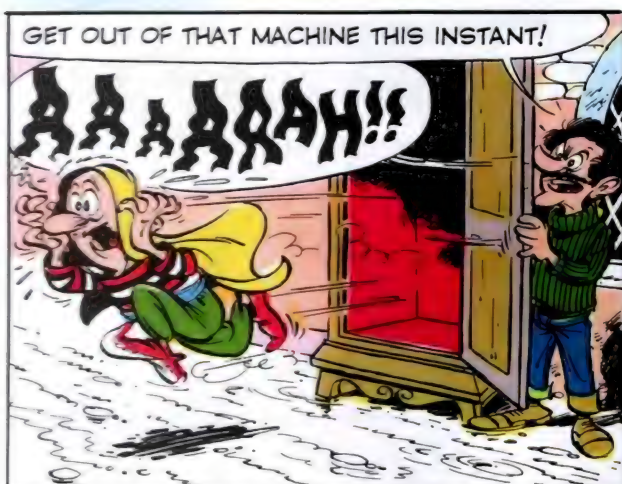
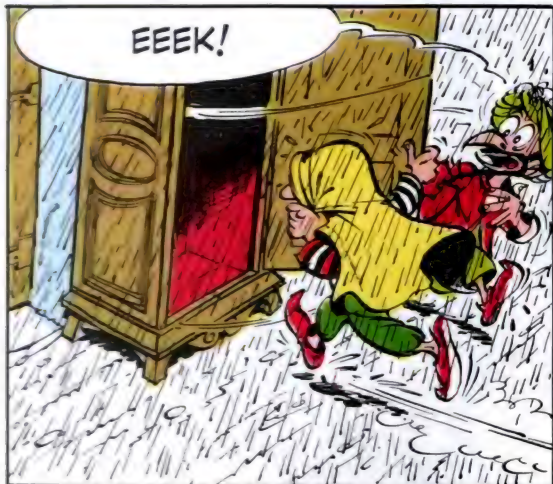
THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLER SETS TO WORK AT ONCE IN A SECLUDED WORKSHOP NOT FAR FROM THE PALACE...



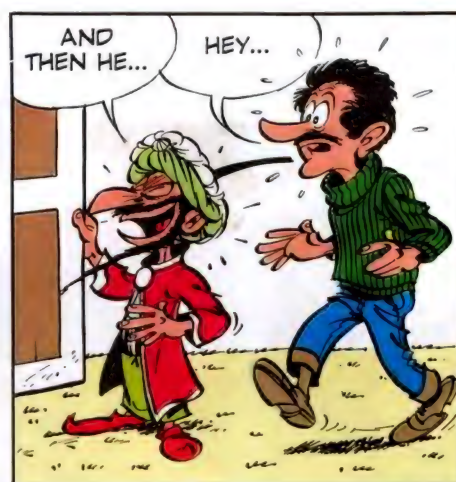
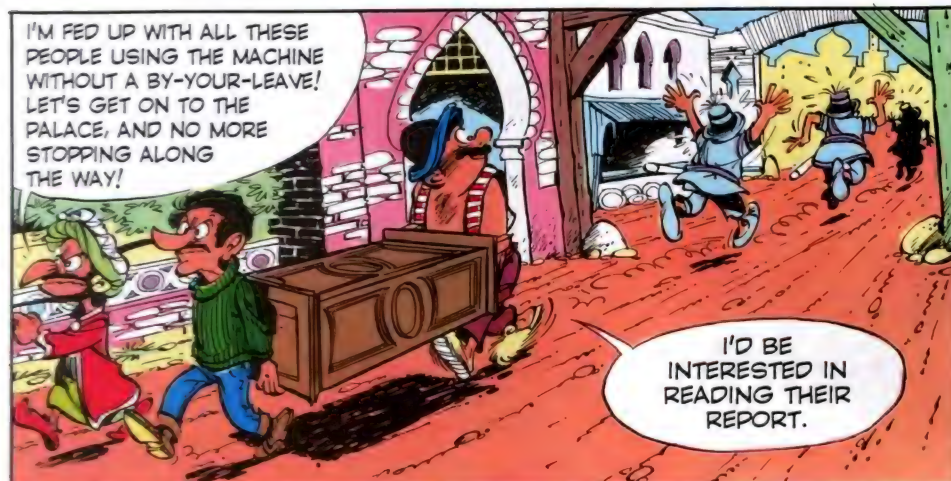
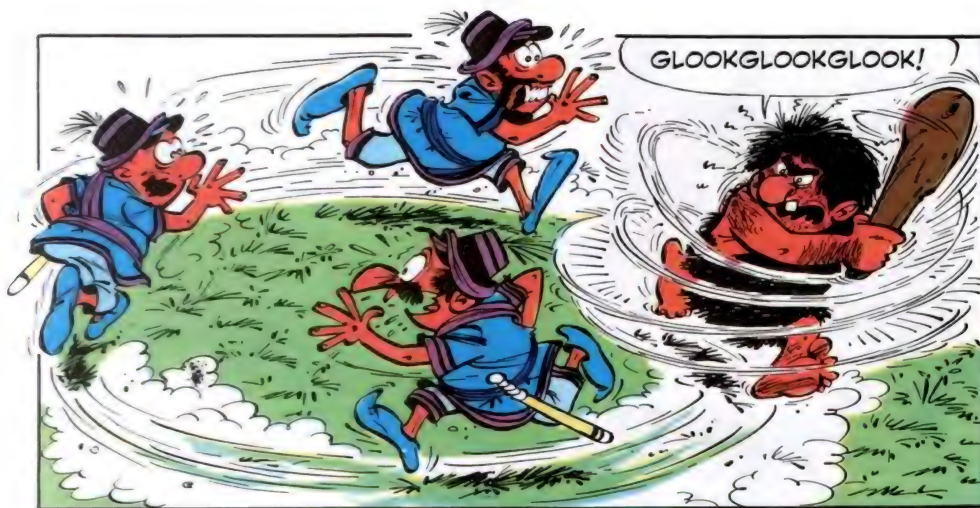
ONE FINE DAY...

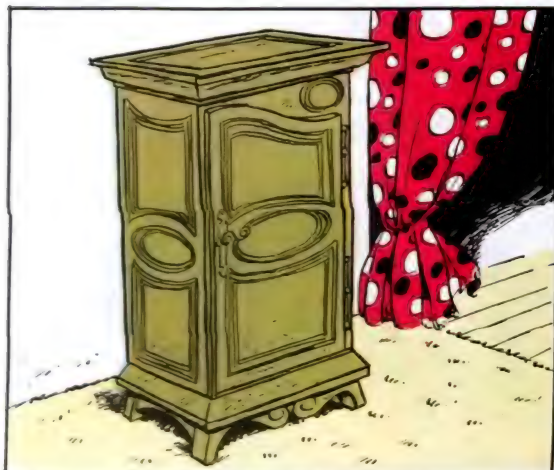
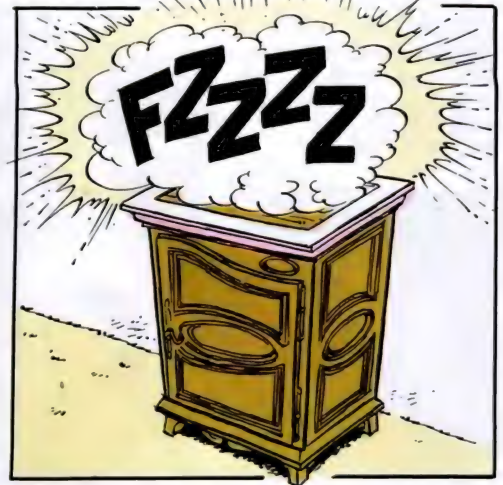
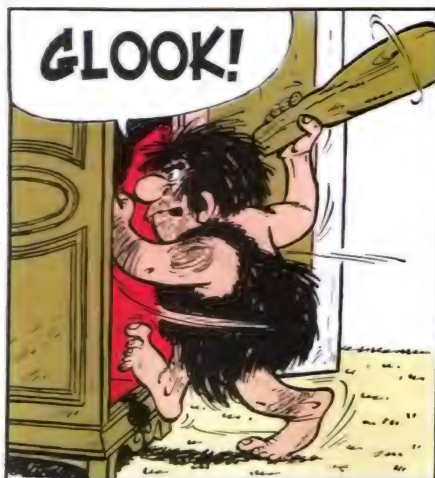
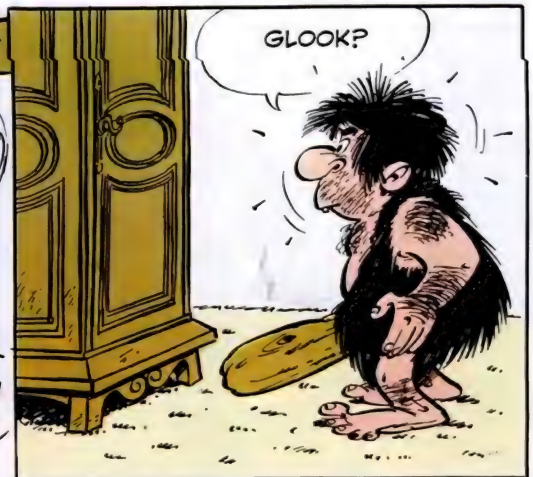
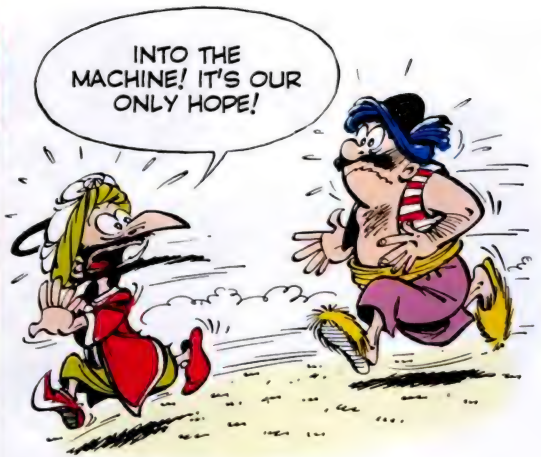












WHILE HAROUN AL PLASSID, CALIPH OF THE MARVELLOUS CITY OF BAGHDAD, IS AMUSING HIMSELF SOLVING CROSSWORD PUZZLES WITH THE AID OF HIS CLEVER AND DUTIFUL MINISTER OF CROSSWORDS...

HMM... GREATEST CALIPH OF ALL TIME, IN THREE LETTERS?

YOU.

THE PICNIC

... THE WICKED GRAND VIZIER IZNOGOURD IS IN GOOD SPIRITS.

I'VE FOUND A WAY TO GET RID OF THE CALIPH AND BE CALIPH INSTEAD OF THE CALIPH!

LISTEN, MASTER...

NO, I WON'T! THIS IDEA IS BOUND TO WORK! WE'LL DRY HIM UP!

DRY HIM UP?

THAT'S RIGHT. SEE THIS MAP? YOU RECOGNIZE IT?

IT'S A DETAILED, ONE-INCH-SCALE SURVEY MAP OF THE DESERT, YOU FOOL! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THE CALIPH OUT IN THE DESERT AND LEAVE HIM THERE WITHOUT ANY WATER. WHEN HE'S FOUND ALL DRIED UP, NO ONE WILL EVER DREAM OF SUSPECTING ME, AND I SHALL BE CALIPH INSTEAD OF THE CALIPH!

BUT HOW WILL YOU PERSUADE THE CALIPH TO GO OUT INTO THE DESERT?

YOU'LL SEE. THIS TIME MY PLAN IS WATERTIGHT!

O COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL, I HAVE AN IDEA! HOW ABOUT GOING FOR A PICNIC WITH ME?

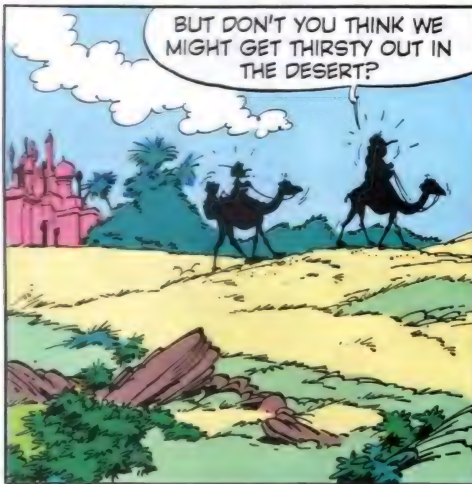
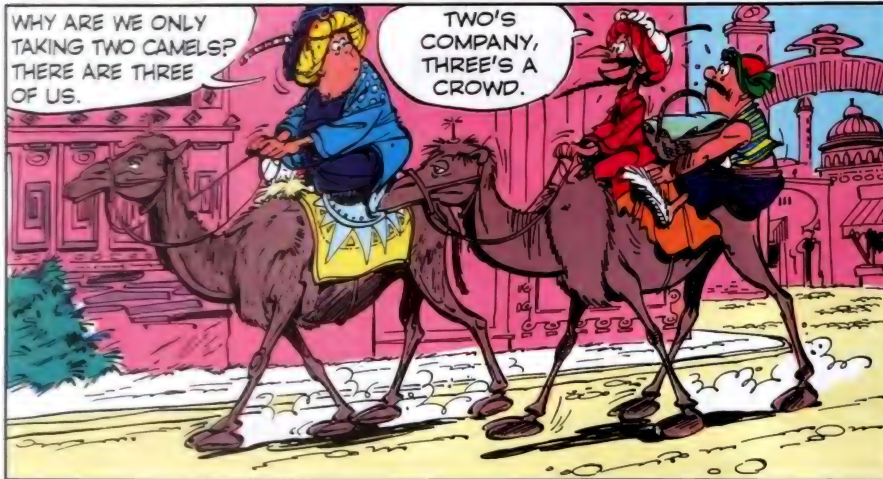
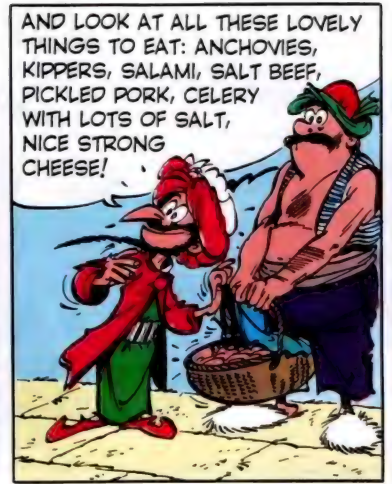
A PICNIC? WHAT A DELIGHTFUL IDEA, MY DEAR IZNOGOURD... ONLY, YOU KNOW, IT ALWAYS RAINS WHEN PEOPLE GO FOR A PICNIC.

THERE WON'T BE ANY RAIN WHERE I'M TAKING YOU! TEE HEE HEE!

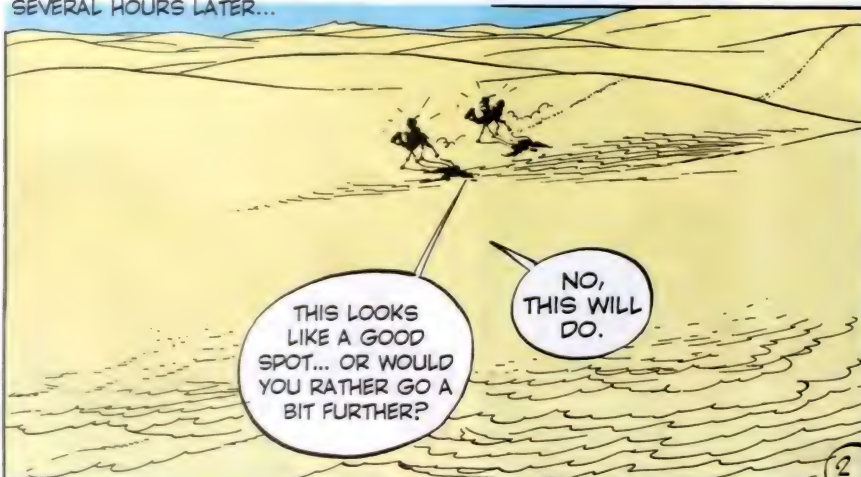
YOU THINK NOT? ALL RIGHT, THEN. I'M VERY FOND OF PICNICS.

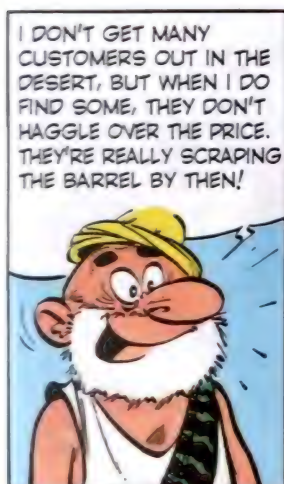
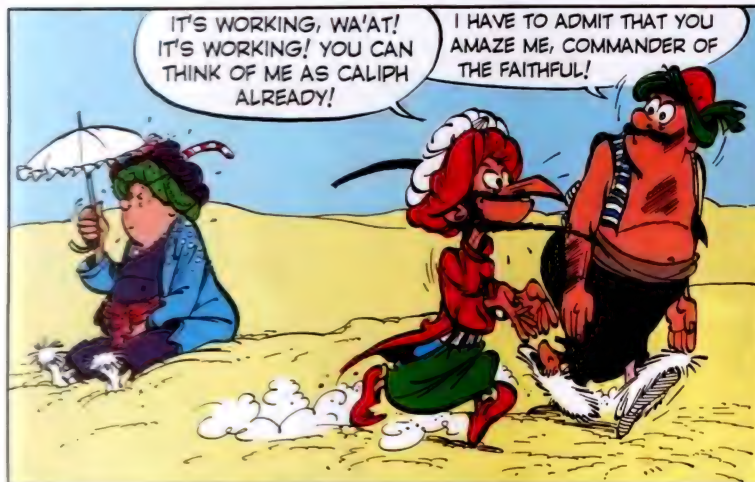
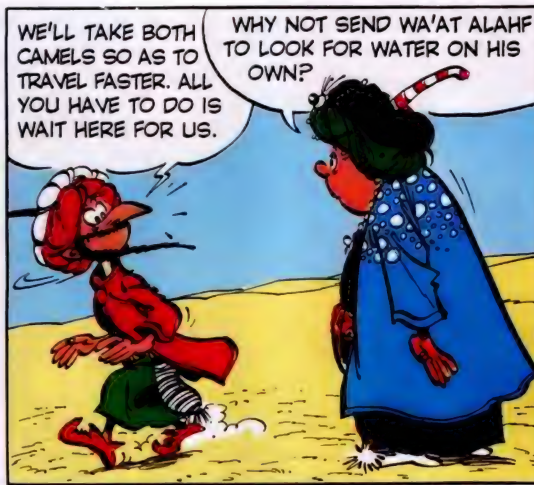


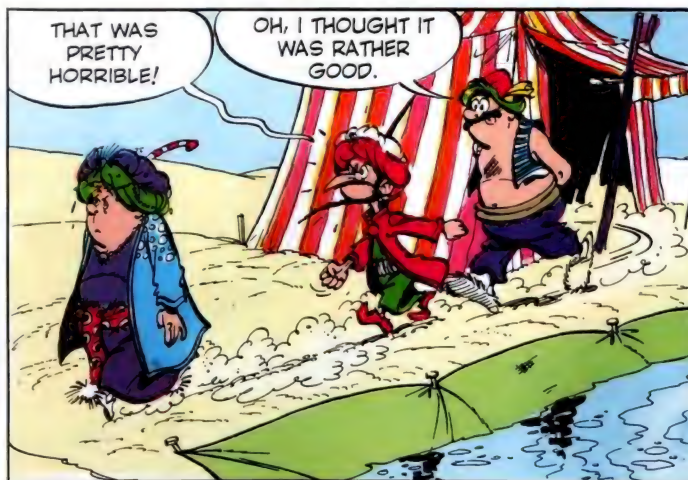
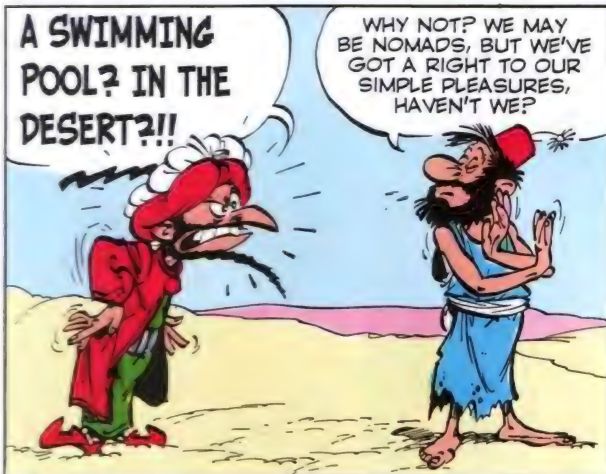
A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATER...

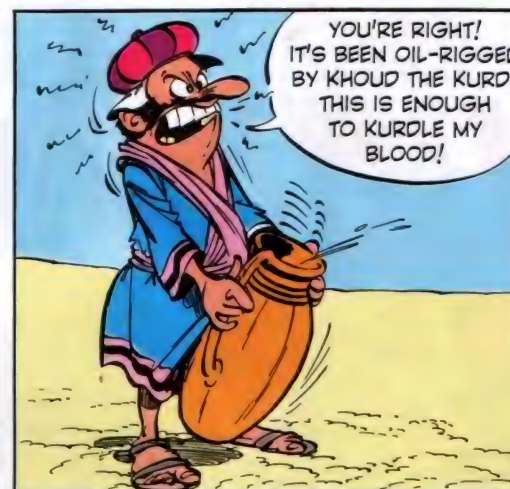
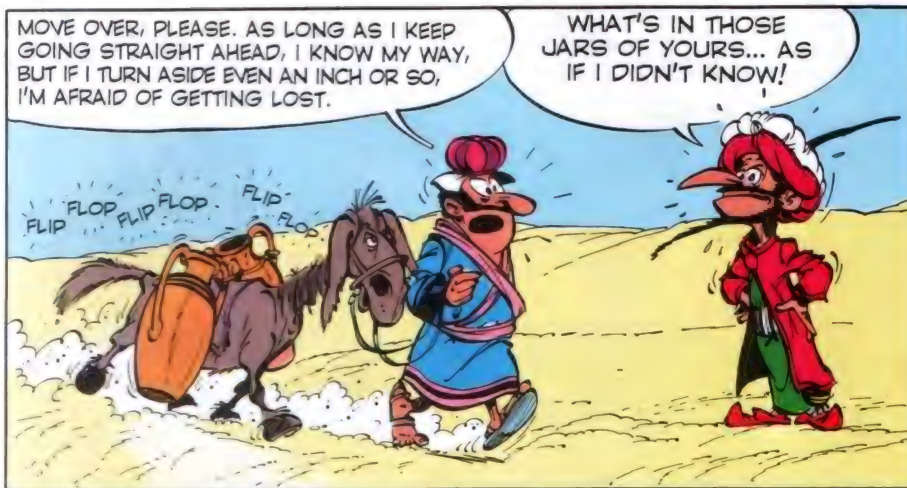


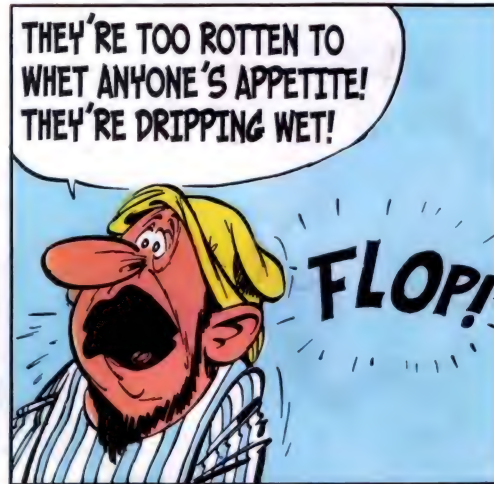
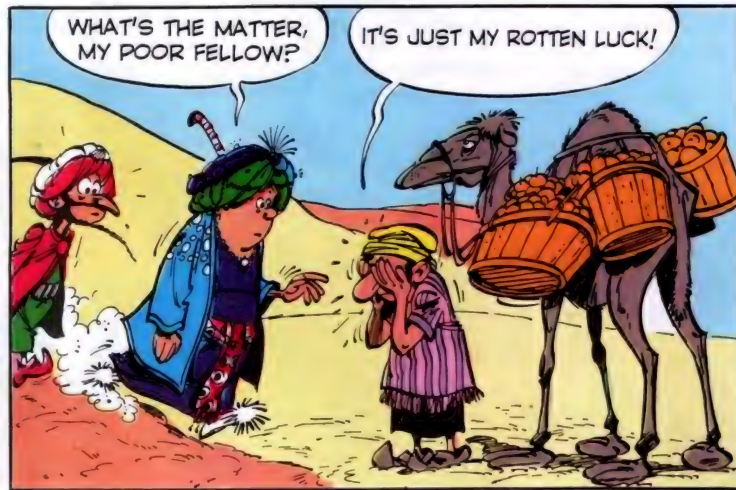
SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

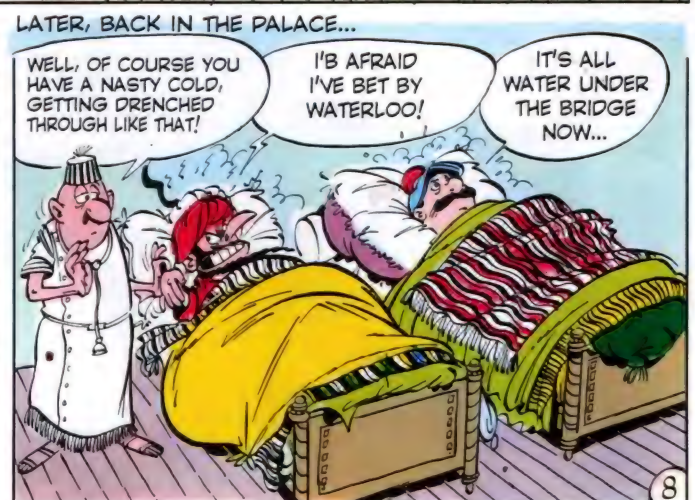
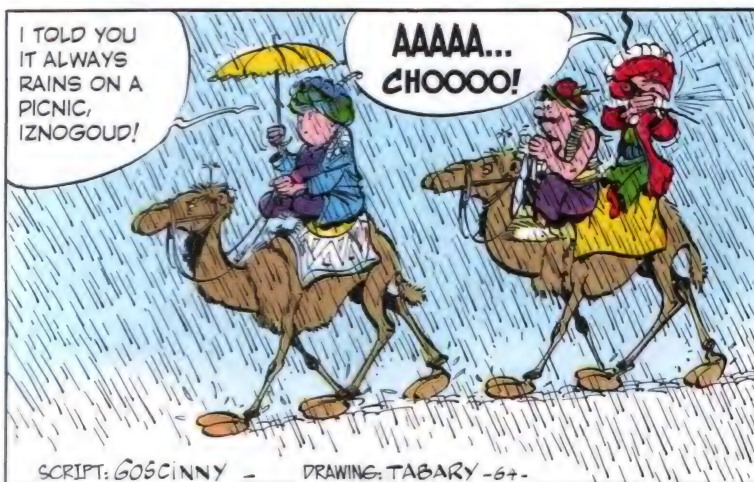
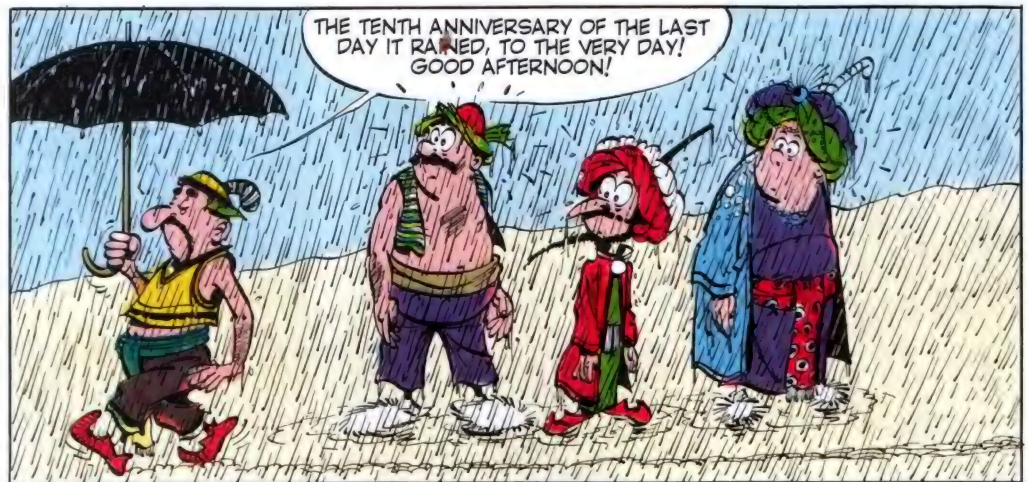
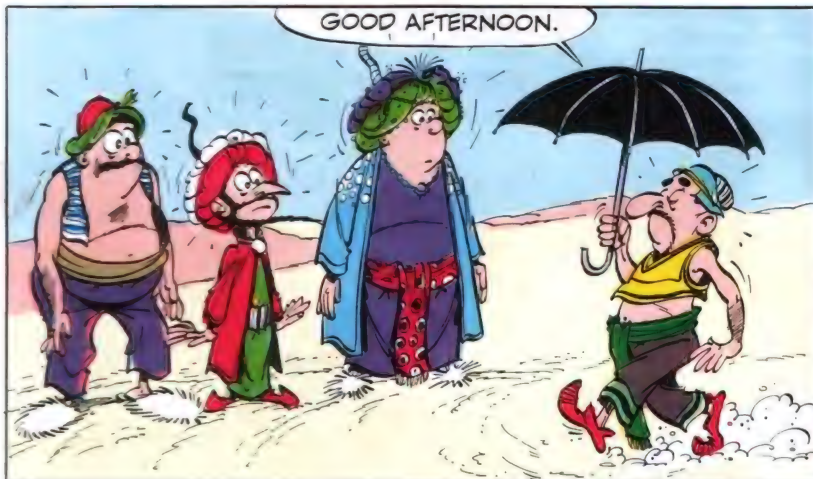










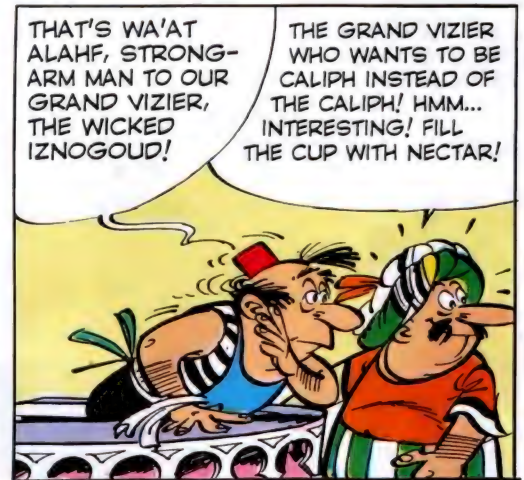
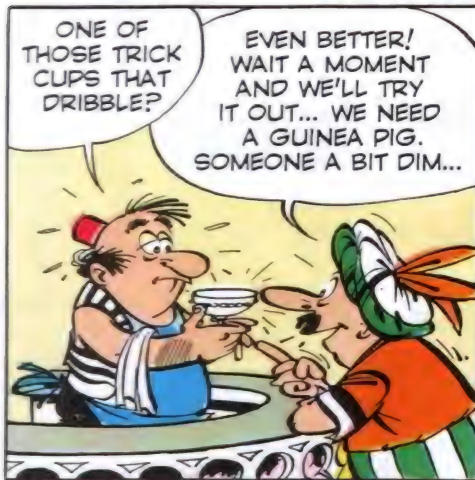


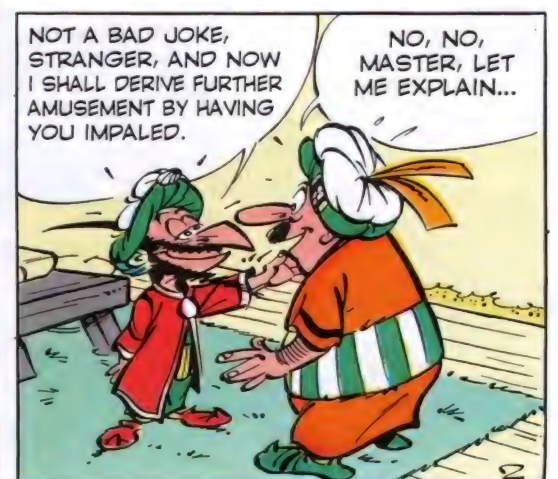
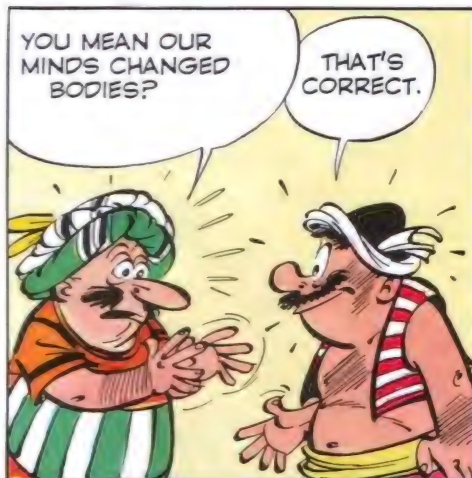
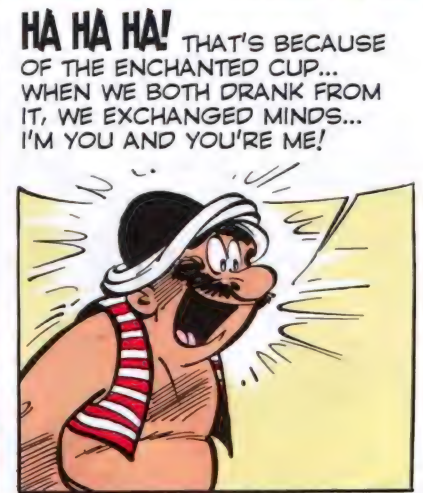
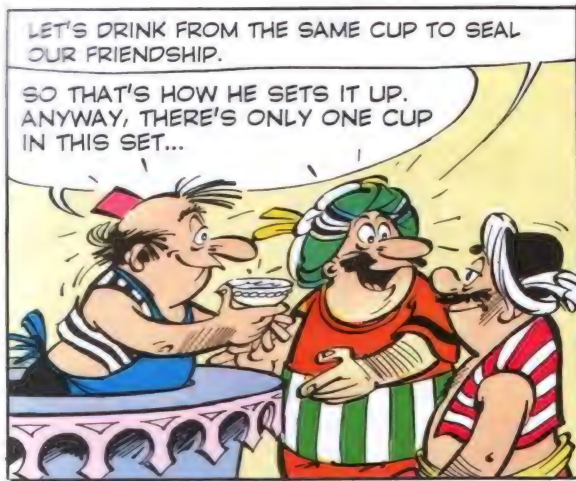
SCRIPT: GOSCINNY - DRAWING: TABARY - 6+ -

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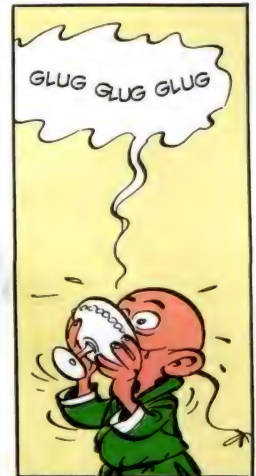
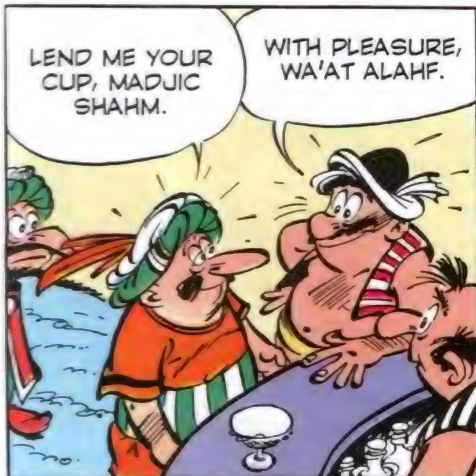
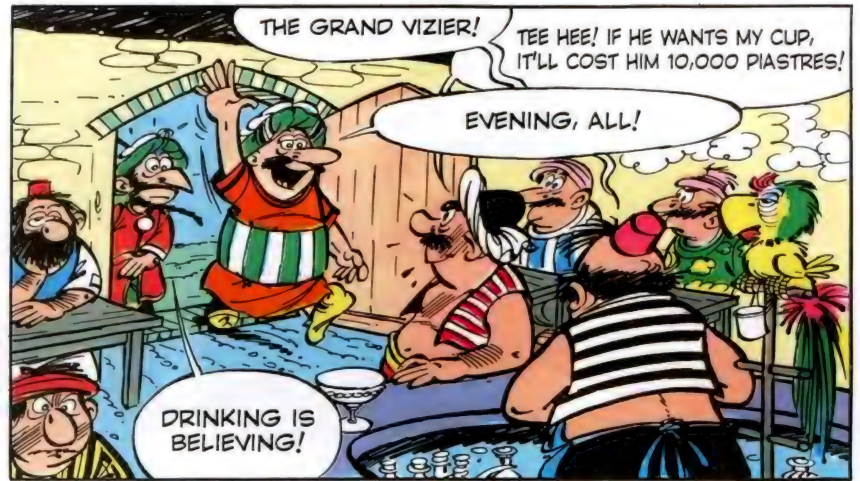
CHOP AND CHANGE

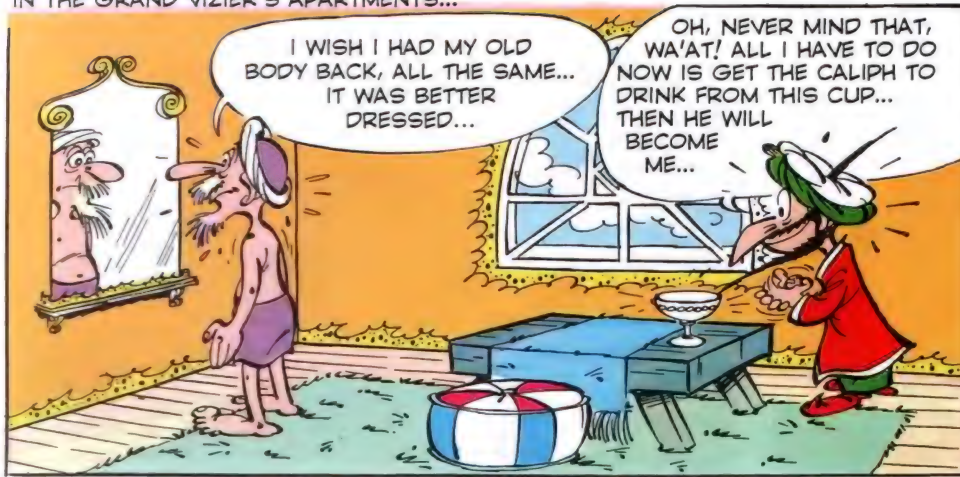
IN THE MAGNIFICENT CITY OF BAGHDAD, THERE WERE PLENTY OF PLACES TO BUY A DRINK, ROSEWATER, CHINA TEA, NECTAR FROM THE INDIES. HERE YOU MIGHT FALL IN WITH STRANGE AND MARVELLOUS DRINKING COMPANIONS: TRAVELLERS, FAKIRS, MAGICIANS, DERVISHES, GENIES... IT'S IN ONE SUCH ESTABLISHMENT THAT OUR STORY BEGINS, A PLACE FORMERLY PATRONIZED BY ALI BABA'S FORTY THIEVES, AND HENCE ITS NAME...



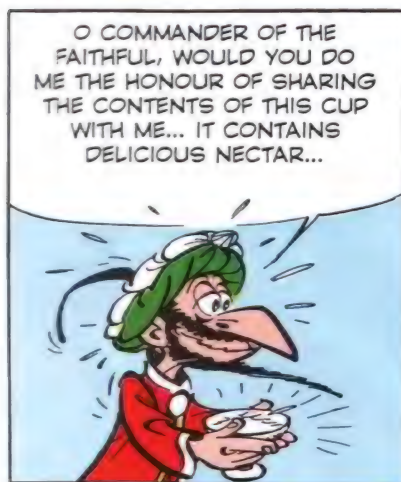
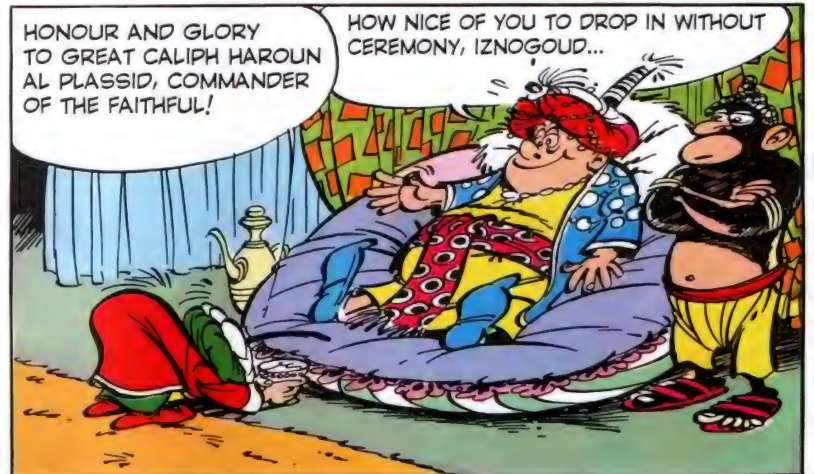


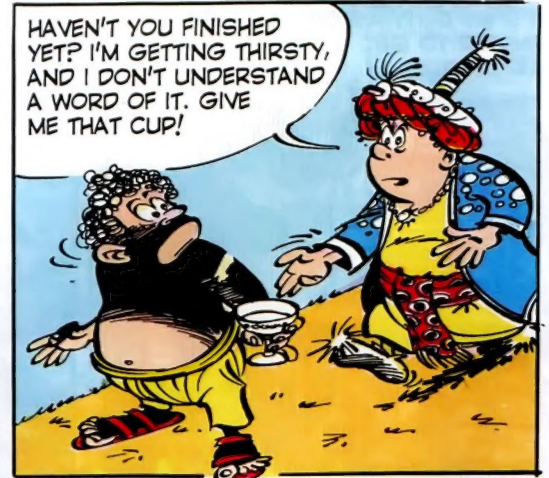
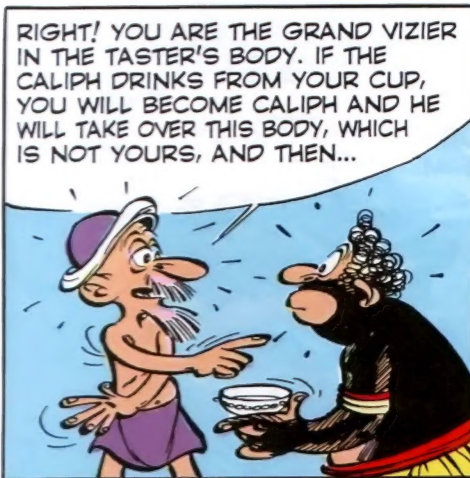
AFTER A FEW BRIEF AND LUCID EXPLANATIONS...





AND I SHALL BE CALIPH INSTEAD OF THE CALIPH!





Yes, gentle readers, we have been trying to hold you spellbound for a thousand and one nights, and at last it has worked... Iznogoud has taken over the Caliph's body, and thus...

THE CALIPH HAS BECOME CALIPH INSTEAD OF THE CALIPH!



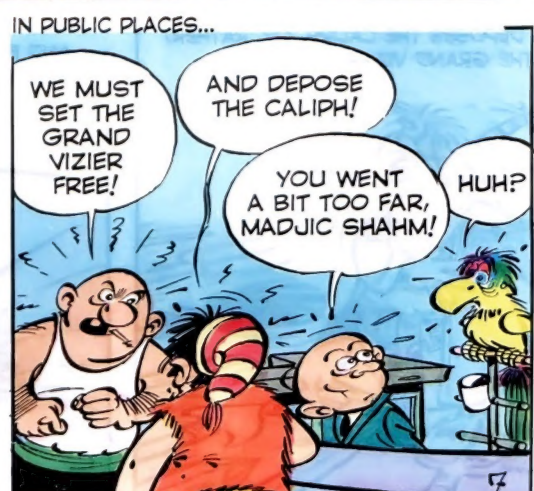
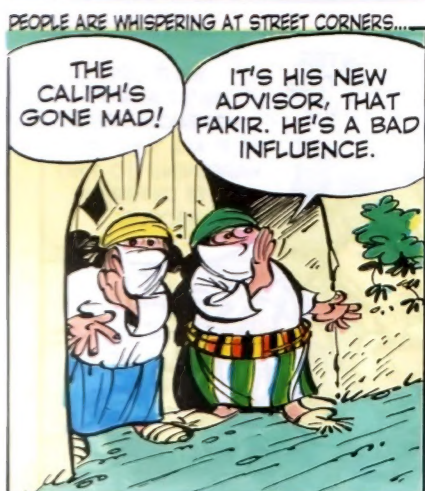




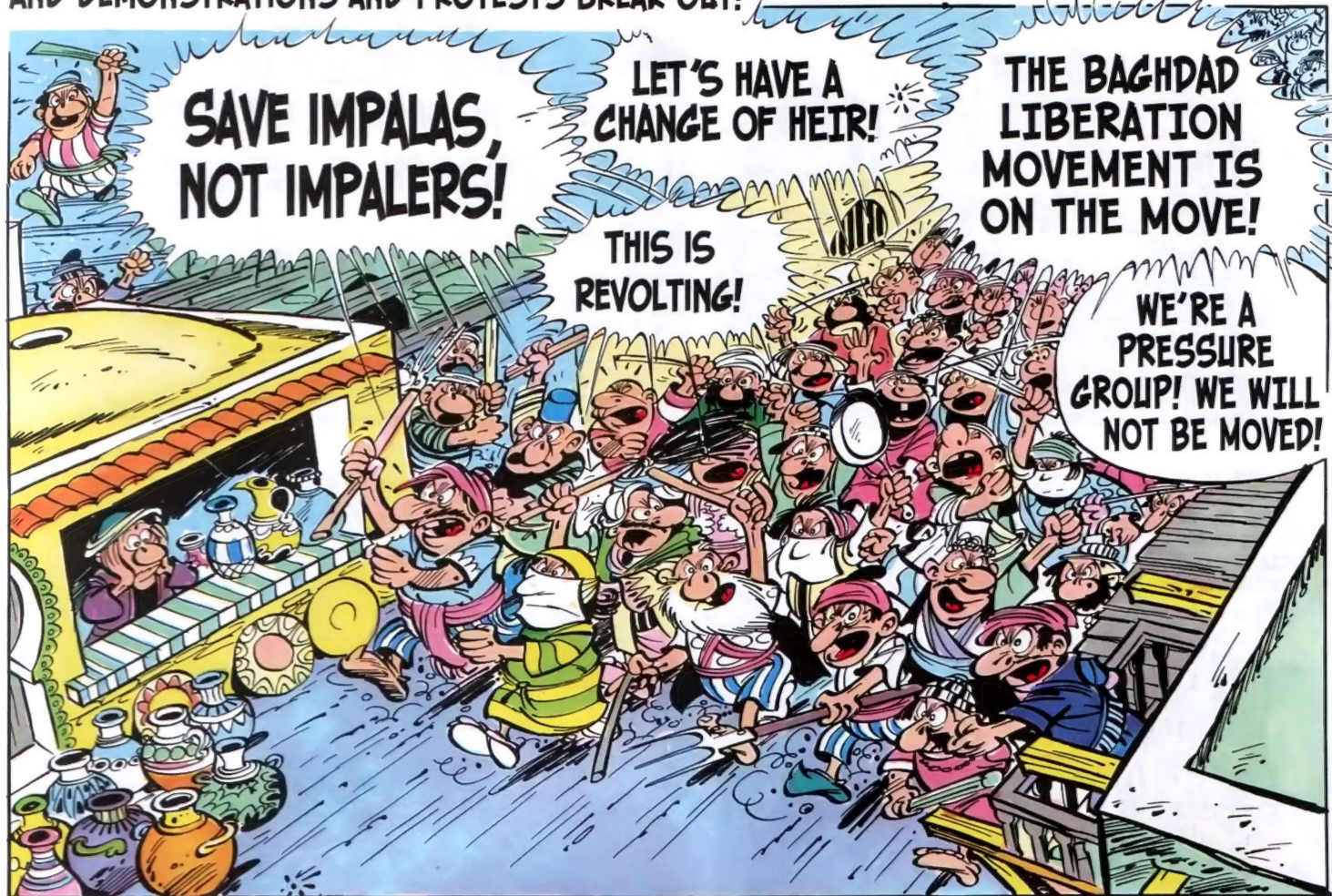
GUARDS! THROW THE WICKED GRAND VIZIER INTO PRISON! HE HAS COMMITTED HIGH TREASON. HE GETS THE CHOP!



AND THE GUARDS IMPOSE A REIGN OF TERROR ON BAGHDAD AS IZNOGoud MAKES HIS PILE...



AND DEMONSTRATIONS AND PROTESTS BREAK OUT!



SAVE IMPALAS,
NOT IMPALERS!

LET'S HAVE A
CHANGE OF HEIR!

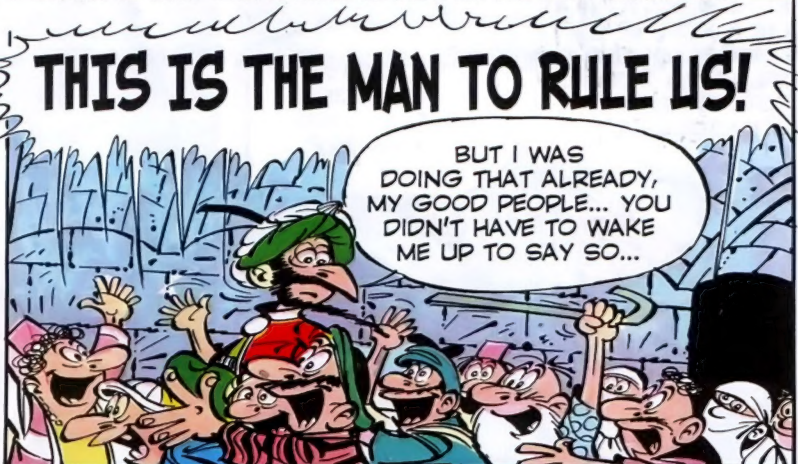
THE BAGHDAD
LIBERATION
MOVEMENT IS
ON THE MOVE!

THIS IS
REVOLTING!

WE'RE A
PRESSURE
GROUP! WE WILL
NOT BE MOVED!

THE RIOTING CROWD INVADES THE PALACE...

... SETS FREE THE GRAND VIZIER, OR RATHER THE CALIPH, WHO STILL DOESN'T UNDERSTAND...



... DEPOSES THE CALIPH, OR, RATHER,
THE GRAND VIZIER...



... AND EVERYTHING GETS BACK
TO NORMAL...



YOU KNOW, MASTER,
DRINKING FROM THIS
CUP WON'T GET US
ANYWHERE...

SHUT UP,
WA'AT ALAHE.
SOMEHOW I FEEL
AS IF ALL THIS WERE
HAPPENING TO TWO
QUITE DIFFERENT
PEOPLE.

